

# THE ROUND TABLE

A WEEKLY RECORD OF  
THE NOTABLE, THE USEFUL AND THE TASTEFUL.

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## THE REVEL OF RUIN.

IT has been said, not once but a hundred times, that a stranger landing in New York would never dream that a great war was desolating the land. He would see the streets alive with brilliant equipages, the shops filled with the costliest and most luxurious goods, the theaters nightly crowded with gay and well-dressed audiences; he would see *cafés*, rivaling the most splendid establishments of Paris, ablaze with light; from a hundred houses the "sweet clamor" of music poured upon the air, thrilling in tune to the movement of "dancers dancing in tune." All this he would see, and if he were a stranger content to judge things by their superficial aspect only, he might go away amazed to find the fearful events which for three years past have been thundering upon our devoted country, so "overcome us, like a summer's cloud, without our special wonder."

But if the inquiring stranger will only look a little more deeply into the state of things about him, and if he be but never so slightly familiar with the story of the past, he will see abundant occasion to recognize the working of ancient and irresistible laws upon the social order in which we live. He will see the bands of social justice, equity, decency, everywhere relaxed; he will see men less respectful of their social obligations, women less tender of their social rights; he will see the appetite of wealth and enjoyment maddening in the eyes, and making eager the faces that he meets; he will see, as it were, overcasting the whole gay and gorgeous panorama about him, the far-flung shadow of those awful wings of death which are winnowing the land from East to West, over so many hundred thousand miles of what but a brief three years ago was the rich and prosperous home of a happy and high-spirited people—a shadow which those who do not see it, feel; a shadow which breeds that burning recklessness of the olden time, "let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die."

Felt in our highways and byways, this awful shadow reveals itself in the increase of violent and horrible crimes. The sanctity of life and property dies out of the popular heart as the pressure of want grows daily heavier, as the reward of labor becomes daily more uncertain, as its value becomes daily more capricious.

Felt in the higher circles of life, where property exists but the wings of property are seen daily and visibly expanding, where the call of the dragon of battle for human lives is heard only afar off, and only disturbs the repose without threatening the safety of men, this shadow gives a keener zest to the immediate satisfactions of the moment, and urges not to crimes of violence, but to crimes which may be called crimes of desire, to the "lust of the eyes and the pride of life." All things are taking flight—why not principles, hopes, purposes, old religions, traditional decencies, the transmitted morals of another age?

In the most fearful crises of the past, these same phenomena which to the seeing eye mark our life of to-day, swept over the great cities of men. Florence saw them when the singers of the Decameron strung their lutes and laughed the

summer hours away upon the sunny vine-clad heights of Fiesole, while far below the pestilence raged, turning men into demons of despair and selfishness. Germany saw them when out of the bloody and trampled fields of the Thirty Years' War sprang up a horrible harvest of murder and madness, of sensual fury and sensual license. France saw them when pestilence and ruin stalked hand in hand over the fair kingdom, John Law and the plague dividing the bodies and the estates of a million of men in a general bankruptcy of health and wealth.

Never was the Paris of the Regency so gay as upon the eve of the explosion of the Mississippi scheme, and the morrow of the triumph of the plague. Men and women hurried from festival to festival, from ball to ball. "Masked balls above all abounded," human hearts broken or maddened longed for mystery as well as madness, flung themselves desperately upon the lottery of life and death, staked the worthless remnant of their fortune and their years against a few moments more of illusion and frenzy. We have not quite yet reached the point of Paris in 1720, but we are drifting bravely on to it.

"Then," the historian tells us, "four masks came to a ball, bringing a fifth who seemed a mimic of death. The thing was beautifully done; every one laughed. Suddenly, the four disappeared, the fifth remained. The fifth, in truth, was simply dead."

This, you will say, was the sublime of moral disease. But like causes engender like results all the world over and in all times. Out of the sweeping annihilation of a gigantic vision of wealth this hideous extravagance of devilry rose. The schemes of Law had enriched with apparent wealth the whole active population of France. The shares of his company and his treasury notes were in all hands. When the settling day came, all their earthly having melted away in the hands of a million of families. All France had thought its hands full, opened them, and found—nothing!

In the recoil of this fearful shock, reason, sense, public morals, private confidence, alike went down. "The less any man had, the more he spent. It was no longer a race after pleasure; it was a race for distraction, for oblivion, for suicide. Men seemed mad to sweep away at one blow everything that was left to them, determined to disappear themselves in the whirlpool which had swallowed up their fortunes, their hopes, their peace, and their plans."

We laugh and are merry to-day. But under the sun there is nothing new. The thing that has been shall be, and that for evermore.

## MERITS AND DEMERITS OF OUR MONITORS.

THE battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac justly caused the people and the government of the United States to look with favor on the Ericsson type of iron-clad vessels. Soon after that famous encounter nine vessels were ordered, almost exactly like the Monitor, and subsequently an additional nine, differing from the original in details. These eighteen are known as the first and second batches of iron-clads. The first batch has been tried at sea and in action; the second is in course of completion, four vessels composing it being afloat, and two having made trial trips. Nineteen light-draught vessels were next commenced. Thirteen or fourteen turreted craft besides these, exclusive of those building in navy yards, have been ordered, and some are in service. Our present business is, however, with those built on the Ericsson plan, after which about thirty vessels, large and small, are modeled.

Within the past two months the Saugus, Canonicus, and Tecumseh, of the second Ericsson batch, have been prepared for sea, and the last two tried, as intimated. No new principle in regard to the ships themselves was to be tested; but a circumstance connected with their first trips has derived considerable importance from the alleged revolutionary character of a certain invention tested thereon. It is generally known that the apparatus called the "Ericsson compressor," introduced into the Passaic class of vessels, diminished the amount of labor necessary to work naval ordnance in a great measure, enabling, in fact, five men to do what eleven were formerly needed to accomplish. But, admirable as this

invention is, it lacked desirable qualities in the estimation of its originator, who ought to know more about it than any one else. The "recoil" of the immense twenty ton Dahlgren was not checked with requisite satisfaction, and a new plan was devised to perfect the gear. In this the friction was to be produced on the periphery of a wheel, which is connected with the gun-carriage by a train of gearing. A writer, who evidently described the affair under the direction of good authority, some months since stated, in a weekly journal of a purely scientific nature, that the friction compressor "obtained superior control over the gun, on a more complicated plan, at the expense of simplicity." Simplifying a thing by complicating it, is confounding confusion. When nearly ready for trial the new apparatus was enhanced in interest by one of those extraordinary occurrences which characterize the New York newspaper press. Two of our leading journals contained, one bright Sunday morning, each an editorial, which, for obvious reasons, could only be written by the same pen. England and the world, according to the writer, were to stand aghast at the revolutionizing consequences of the new friction compressor, which could move marvelously a gun, whose recent extraordinary effect at a navy yard, on a facsimile of the heaviest plated British iron-clad, atoned for all the disgrace it brought upon Du Pont and its author. The Canonicus and Tecumseh made trial trips, and the compressor failed. It was tried four times here and each time failed—Captain Ericsson says because of improper adjustment of the guns; others say because it was conceived on a wrong principle. It is of no consequence why it did or did not succeed, or whether it did succeed at all. It is chiefly designed to give better control to the gunners "in a sea way" where it is never destined to be used extensively. The old compressor, with all its faults, is as good as is required under the circumstances. It is complicated, works slowly, may get out of order in an instant during the din of battle, just as a valve might break in the best engine. In the latter case the monitor could only bear blows, and could not even fire the periodical shots which good luck would enable her to discharge. But no other machine than the present compressor can facilitate the use of a heavy gun in a turret.

While speaking of this subject it can hardly be inopportune to discuss briefly the merits of the turreted iron-clads themselves. Nothing relating to naval matters can be of more interest now than an investigation into our progress in armored ships and its results. Let us examine the most prominent features of our monitors.

The first batch of monitors, that known as the Passaic class, have an armor of five inches of iron, with three feet eight inches of wood, constituting a mail which has never been penetrated throughout, although one vessel bearing it participated in twenty-eight engagements. One of these, the first attack on Sumter, has no parallel in naval history, so far as it relates to the failure of a concentrated fire from numerous powerful forts to sink or destroy a single ship. Four or five of the turrets were seriously injured, and nearly all the offensive power of the vessels rendered useless; but the shower of projectiles poured upon them from the best guns and by the best trained gunners in the Confederate service would, under ordinary circumstances, have annihilated the squadron with which Nelson won such golden laurels at Trafalgar. The enemy's fire during the brief contest at Charleston is estimated as having been as rapid as ten shots a second; and the fact that it demonstrated no defect in the monitors which could not be removed, is a strong argument in their favor. But the authorities concluded, taking all matters into consideration, that the armor of the Passaic was not as invulnerable as armor could be made, notwithstanding the hammering it bore; and the second batch was to be provided with an iron garment impervious to all shot and shell at present known. And the Tecumseh class has no less than nine inches of iron with an immense wooden backing on all vulnerable portions of the hull. The Northumberland's six inches of iron have been made the theme of European wonder, although she could hardly enter New York at spring-tide, while there are now lying in the Hudson two or three vessels with a coat of mail



half as great again, any and all of them able to float well in twelve feet of water if necessary. We are desirous to emphasize as pointedly as possible the unequalled defensive attributes of the monitors against ordinary shot, for two reasons: first, because they are not appreciated as they should be, and, secondly, because it may be necessary to speak less approvingly of their other qualities before we close. The entire cost of the seventy odd monitors now in course of progress cannot be more, at contract prices, than thirty millions of dollars—less than Mr. Read's ten ships will cost England. If they fail in all respects to answer the purposes henceforward required of them, the service which they rendered the nation at Hampton Roads in 1862 is not too dearly paid for.

An iron-clad war vessel, of the right kind, should be impregnable herself, and possess power to do the greatest possible amount of injury to an antagonist, besides being capable of going to sea. If she had a thousand guns, and could fire ten every second, they would be useless unless she could keep afloat and bear heavy blows while inflicting the same. If her armor was susceptible of receiving a death sting at water mark, her battery could not help her. Is it not fair to infer that the want of offensive power would be just as fatal? What good is heavy armor if powerful armament is not a feature of the ship that bears it? The question then arises, Are the monitors deficient in offensive power? "No," say their advocates; "the Merrimac, the Nashville, and last and best the Atlanta, were crippled by it, and no vessel can resist it." Yet it was dashed for hours and days against the Ogechee batteries, against Sumter and Wagner, without destroying them.

The merits or demerits of the Dahlgren gun have little to do with the questions involved. The number of guns is at least of as much consequence as their efficiency. Ten six y-rights would be preferred, for all sorts of service, to two five-hundred pounders. The plea, understood to be Captain Ericsson's, that the immense pieces of ordnance which a monitor must carry is irresistible against a ship, but comparatively ineffectual against a fort, admits a very serious shortcoming, because the chief advantage of a light draught iron-clad is the facility with which she can navigate harbors and rivers inaccessible to large steamers. If she is useless to attack forts and batteries, which are oftener surrounded by shallow than by deep water, especially in the Confederacy, her only value is that of a sentinel, able to prevent the ingress and egress of hostile ships. Even here she is at the mercy of submarine projectiles. The worst invention of the kind can penetrate one inch of iron—the thickness of the Monitors' bottoms—as easily as one can run a bodkin through a piece of pasteboard. Captain Hunt's shot could pierce it three hundred yards distant. Sea-worthiness is not to be dispensed with. We are told that Captain Rodgers boldly left his convoy and put his vessel to a severe test in a hurricane; and also that several turreted ships have gone safely to Charleston. We believe that only the Lehigh and Weehawken have experienced a gale. The manner in which they weathered it must be deemed miraculous by all persons not concerned in the iron-clad interest. There is an unwritten item of the Weehawken's experience. She was on the verge of destruction, when first going to Fortress Monroe, had her fires almost totally extinguished, was flooded below with water, and had it not been for the presence of an engineer, who was attached to the iron-clad depot here, her fate would be similar to the monitors. The same Captain Rodgers, one of whose letters has been so widely disseminated, wrote to the department to the effect that "the ship was saved by ———." That sentence has never reached the public. The subsequent loss of the Weehawken, and the foundering of the Monitor, may be passed over. It is given out that the Dictator is to go to Europe in June, and we are quite willing to let her trial on the Atlantic settle the question of the sea-worthiness of our turreted ships.

The magnitude of the field to be surveyed precludes, for the present, the practicability of doing more than touching the surface of this important subject. But the careful observer of events cannot fail to realize, from the foregoing statements, that strong efforts are being made to keep the reading community in ignorance of our real position on the iron-clad question.

#### LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT.

BY the time this journal reaches our readers, General Grant will have assumed formal command of the Army of the Potomac, with the understanding that he is immediately to organize a campaign in Virginia for the capture of the city of Richmond. This assumption of command marks a new era in the history of the war; one which we trust will be as fortunate as others have been unsatisfactory. It is understood that General Grant regards the capture of Richmond as of supreme importance, and the very first step to be taken in the campaign of 1864. His plans, so far as the public can divine them, seem to be very much the same as those of General McClellan, who concentrated the bulk of his forces for the capture of the rebel capital, and distributed his other armies either to guard or attack vital strategic points, all of which movements, however, were

subsidiary to the grand campaign against the rebel capital. General Grant is now concentrating a larger army in Virginia than any which has been got together in the previous history of the war. So far as his probable movements have been made public, he intends to make very great use of the Trunk railroad lines running between the East and West. With all our unequalled railroad facilities, it is very strange that the rapid concentration of armies which has been so marked a feature in Southern warfare, has never been tried save in very few instances by our Northern military authorities. After the defeat of Chickamauga, two corps from the Army of the Potomac were sent to Chattanooga; but this is almost the only instance where railroads were used for the sudden massing of troops. There is no reason why the same army which can win a battle to-day in Georgia, might not in two or three weeks' time at farthest help win another victory in Virginia. The rebels have frequently accomplished this feat; the Northern armies never but once. It is true, under Generals Halleck and Grant, the water carriage of the Western rivers has been largely used to mass troops at particular points, as at Pittsburg Landing, and Vicksburg for instance. The recent addition to the rolling stock of the Baltimore and Ohio road evidently means that General Grant has determined to have it in his power to strike at whatever point along the line he pleases, and be able to move his troops with great rapidity.

While there is every reason to believe that General Grant will meet the public expectation in his new command, it would be well to caution the country against being too sanguine. It must be remembered that none of the armies against which General Grant has heretofore fought were composed of men of the tried valor and discipline of the rebel army of Virginia. Nor has he in any one single instance measured swords with a commander of the undoubted capacity of General Lee. It was wise statesmanship of the rebel leaders to place their greatest army and best general in Virginia as a standing menace to the national capital. The troops who fought at Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg are not to be compared to the victors of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville; nor were Bragg, Johnston, or Pemberton men of the same capacity and resources as General Lee. Hence, General Grant has difficulties to overcome, such as he never encountered before, and which will test to the utmost his qualities as the leader of a great army. Circumstances, however, are in his favor. He has a splendid and highly trained army, composed of as good material as the army of Lee, and very much better equipped for all the purposes of war. He can easily bring into the field two men for Lee's one, and if he should by any mischance be defeated, it will not be because of any shortcomings in his army.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of the campaign, which may be said to have already commenced. Should General Grant be able to defeat the rebel army in Virginia and capture their capital, we really believe the end of the rebellion would be near at hand.

#### INFLATION AND ITS REMEDY.

IF Wall street has any sane men left, we apprehend they hold a very decided opinion that the present value of shares is a huge inflation. Perhaps the fascinated operators do not want to know the true state of the case; the game of speculation is so bewitching that they yield themselves without restraint or reflection to its excitement, vaguely imagining that present gains will enable them to withstand any future danger. It may be well to estimate the distance, in respect of stock values, between to-day and three years ago. The following statement shows the price of leading stocks in December, 1860, and on March 21, 1864, the advance during the interim, the rate of dividend last paid on each share, and the rate each share ought to pay on its present market value, reckoning at six per cent. per annum:

	Dec., 1860.	Stock value, Mar. 21, 1864.	Cur'cy val., Mar. 21, 1864.	Advance.	Rate per an'um of last dividend.	Rate required at present price of share.
N. Y. Central R. R.	75	86½	140	65	7 p. c.	8.4 p. c.
Erie R. R.	28½	77½	128	99½	7 "	7.6 "
Harlem R. R.	14½	90	146½	132	none.	8.5 "
Reading R. R.	34½	87½	141½	107	7 p. c.	8.5 "
Michigan Central R. R.	50	87	141	91	12 "	8.5 "
Michigan Southern and N. I. R. R.	14½	73	117½	103	none.	7.1 "
Michigan Southern and N. I. R. R. guaranteed.	31	69	145	114	none.	8.7 "
Panama R. R.	113½	149	241½	128	12 p. c.	14.5 "
Galena and Chicago R. R.	62½	75	122	59½	7 "	7.2 "
Cleveland and Toledo R. R.	25½	90	146½	121	6 "	8.2 "
Chicago and Rock Island R. R.	52½	76½	124½	72	6 "	7.5 "

The shares to be selected are those of our most successful railroads, and may therefore be considered less calculated than others that might have been chosen to illustrate the extent to which speculation has run. It will be seen that on the best share property in the country the dividends average far below six per cent. on the present market value of the stocks. Three prominent stocks, covering over thirteen millions of capital, or selling respectively at 146½, 117½, and 145, and yet do not make one dollar of interest. The other shares instanced are paying from 6 to 12 per cent. on their par value, while to make them remunerative at the

rate of six per cent. on their present market price, they ought to be paying from 7.1 to 14.5 per cent. on par. It seems to be entirely overlooked by the eager buyers of railroad stocks that the recent large dividends have been created by a diversion of trade into Northern channels that cannot be expected to prove permanent. The suspension of the Southern export of cotton has necessitated our sending abroad other kinds of produce in payment for our imports. We are therefore shipping from New York seventy millions of specie-dollar's worth of produce more than in 1859. This immense increase of course largely augments the revenues of the railroads connecting us with the interior; but is it reasonable to expect that when the export of cotton is resumed we shall export the same amount of breadstuffs and provisions as at present? We shall again resume cotton payments, and a large proportion of our present export of Western products will be lost, for the reason that Europe never takes any considerable amount of our products in excess over our purchases of its merchandise. When this reaction comes the revenues of the roads will fall back to nearly their condition before the war, and the value of the shares will be correspondingly reduced. Instances might be adduced of shares of mining and other companies that have advanced far beyond the rate of rise on railroad shares, and are selling above their par value without the payment of interest.

This immense inflation of the value of securities is sinking and rendering useless an enormous aggregate of capital. The estimate may be considered a safe one that the stocks now selling at the brokers' boards absorb, exclusive of government bonds, from \$250,000,000 to \$300,000,000 of capital more than in 1860. Yet this enormous increase in stock investments has not been accompanied by any corresponding addition to the amount of interest returned by them; nor has it given us any additional facilities worthy of notice for developing the limitless resources of the field or the mine, nor enabled us to augment the material wealth of the nation which the war is so rapidly wasting. Had this surplus capital, instead of gravitating toward the financial centers to be there lent out at 5 to 7 per cent. per annum for fostering a speculation mania, been employed in steamship, mining, and manufacturing enterprises, we should have been able easily to pay the costs of the war out of the wealth we are creating, and should stand a good chance of being much richer at the close of the war than we were at its beginning.

To us, it appears that the chief cause of this comparatively useless investment of our surplus capital lies in the lack of institutions for centralizing and economizing its employment. We have now a large number of capitalists in the market, competing with each other to lend at from 5 to 7 per cent. interest. They find an abundance of speculators ready to take their funds on short secured loans; and they lend, quite indifferent whether their money is to be employed for legitimate purposes, and heedless of the results of the use of their capital. Under all the circumstances, this is practically the most remunerative way they can employ their means; for, as individuals, they are not in a position to materially aid the large enterprises that now invite capital. Were capital placed in the hands of large moneyed institutions, under the management of capable financiers, and loaned to aid industrial corporations, thousands of which are springing up in all parts of the country, and only need competent capital to make them highly remunerative, we should then have had our surplus means employed not only for the highest commercial interests of the country, but also with the most profitable results to its owners. Paris has its Credit Mobilier, said to pay its shareholders 25 per cent. per annum. London has its Credit Mobilier, Credit Foncier, and several other kindred institutions, with a total capital of about \$40,000,000. These institutions are said to pay dividends of from 15 to 25 per cent., and to vastly aid the development of home and colonial enterprises. Under such management, capital is employed with more intelligence and energy than when it is placed in private hands, and with the utmost possible advantage to the community at large. Large credit institutions of this character, under the auspices of men of character and high financial abilities, are just now the great desideratum of New York.

#### THE COLONIZATION SCHEME.

THE failure of the scheme to colonize the Isle of Avache with freedmen from the Southern States, and the return of the colonists to the United States, conveys a lesson that deserves more than usual consideration. Everything was favorable at the start. A place was obtained in the tropics; competent persons were put in charge of the matter; and the Government lent its sanction and financial aid to the scheme. The President must have watched the movement with more than ordinary interest, for long ago he advocated the policy of colonizing the freedmen, both in his messages to Congress and in the various private ways that were open to him as Chief Magistrate of the United States. And, after all, it has failed.

The policy of expatriating these men is one in which we had little confidence. Not that we lacked faith in the men who undertook the matter, nor doubted the sincerity of their interest in the welfare of the colonists, but the policy itself



seems to us injurious. Practically, it is nothing more nor less than depriving the country of so much labor, and that, too, at a time when labor is exceedingly scarce. The negro will work, whether enslaved or free, and his thews and sinews are just as valuable for the work they accomplish as those of white laborers who accomplish the same amount of work. Yet who would think of proposing to deport our white laborers and colonize them in some distant place? Viewed in the light of political economy—and this, after all, is the true way to consider it—the project is just as feasible as would be the removal from the country of a portion of its horses—though we must, by no means, be understood as rating laborers with horses. A laboring negro at the South used to be worth \$1,500; in other words, men would pay this sum, and feed and clothe him in the bargain, for his labor, the product of which they turned into money. On the same principle laborers are hired at the North, the employer disposing of the products of their labors at a price that enables him to pay them for their work, and realize a profit besides. Thus the removal of negroes would diminish the labor stock of the country—if we may use that term—just as truly as would the removal of a number of white laborers.

And farther, this is not a time to deport laborers. The absence of so many producers in the army has lessened their number at home, and the result is the increased price of labor. The demand being greater than the supply, of course the price is increased proportionately. When labor is as scarce as it is now, it seems to be foolish policy to make it still scarcer by sending out of the country even a single laborer. Another fact not to be forgotten is the value of a negro as a laborer in the Southern States. Elaborate theories there have been on paper, proving that white men can work as well in a hot climate as negroes, but they have not held good in practice. Now that we are recovering large portions of the Southern States, it seems doubly important that we should retain the freedmen for our own use. We need their labor now, and shall need it more and more as our armies advance.

What we have said does not conflict with our expressing approval of the colony at Liberia. The negroes went thither of their own accord, and we rejoice to know that the experiment has proved a signal success. But the case in hand is very different. In the latter, the negroes were induced, if not compelled, to go by Government agents, and the scheme, like all schemes of involuntary colonization of which history tells, has proved a failure. We trust the experiment will not be repeated. The country needs the labor of the negro, and true wisdom would seem to dictate the policy of providing work for him here, the result of which will be to benefit both him and the country.

#### THE SPRING-TIME OF THE YEAR.

THE true New Year is just upon us. It is only the calendar which opens the year for us in the dead waste and middle of the winter. In each man's life the anniversary of his own birthday marks the revolution of the forward-whirling destiny to him far more emphatically than the public ceremonial proclamation of a twelvemonth ended and a twelvemonth begun. Wherever Mac Donald sits, there is the head of the table. The world for each of us began when we were born into consciousness. It is our year and not the world's year which we lose or win, which enriches us with blessed memories or robs us even of hope.

But the year of each of us begins in a certain sense with the year of all, in this fresh spring-time now come upon us. The spring is in the year what the dawn is in the day. The Greenwich Observatory and Sam Slick's wooden clocks may combine to tell us that the day begins at 1 A.M., but the day of our life begins when the darkness is "smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;" and with "the ashbuds in the front of March" the year in truth comes in to us.

Is it indeed the most exhilarating or the most depressing season of the year—this hour of the general palingenesia of men and things, of field and forest, of sense and soul? Mr. Bryant has answered this question magisterially enough; and all the world repeats after him, when October mellowed all the landscape, that the "melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year." But the sadness of the autumn is the sadness of retrospection, tinged with the sense of coming rest at least; the sadness of the spring is the far deeper and more harrowing sadness of anticipation born either of the sense of new trials to be borne, or of a new season of endurance under trials already greater than we can bear. From the heights of October the valley that stretches beneath and before us is a valley of the shadow of death indeed, but for that very reason does the spirit rest upon the contemplation of its folded vapors and its settled calm. From that ignorance and silence we catch glimpses, at least, of something that must make us less forlorn—glimpses of "long disquiet merged in rest."

But standing here on the upward slope of March, with the scent of the violets wafted to us, and the near glimmer in our eyes of June with all her roses, whatever has been hardest to bear in the past presses upon us with an almost

crushing weight. It is again with the year as with the day. Quetelet has shown us that the vast majority of suicides are committed in the early morning. Men wake from the simulated death of sleep to face again those spectres of the daylight which are so much more terrible than all the poets' fictions of ghastly shapes that haunt the night. The rush of reality overwhelms them, and their spirit within them fails at the thought of affronting once more the arduous hours. The weary man who has cheated himself awhile with a halt in his toilsome march, groans as he stoops to take up again the burden he had laid down, and pass from the shade and the stillness on into the heat and dust and throng again.

No, the spring which quickens joy and lends a new impulse to hope, quickens pain also, and sends a fresh thrill through old wounds. She comes to us all, as in that delicious fragment of Tennyson's "Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere,

"Like souls that mingle joy and pain;"

and were we to paint her hastily, we should paint her as the poet does,

"Clad in a sunlit fall of rain."

Still the sunshine is as real as the rain; and while the season demands from us that we speak of it as all who have lived and thought and suffered feel its coming in their inmost selves, it is only fair and decent to hail the brightness and beauty which it flings over things divine and human, as their sweet excellency deserves. If man be indeed "borne unto trouble as the sparks fly upward," it is not less true that the deepest pang he knows come to him not seldom through the most exquisite pleasures of the spirit and the sense. Shall he reject the pleasures or deny their grace for that?

Because we are mortal, and, as Forbes Winslow assures us, more or less mad to boot, shall there be nothing for us in March but sadness?—nothing in April but the weary sense that we have to take up our sere life again as the fields take up their enameled freshness, and the forest its green and glorious beauty once again?

Let us be thankful for the very pleasure that brings us pain—for the new life that kindles the universe about us. The winter is past. The days of Lent are passing swiftly by. The sun-burst of Easter is near at hand. Let it waken all things—flush the country with floral light and fragrance; fill the city streets with glancing eyes and beaming smiles; with the bravery of new toilets, the sparkle of new festivities.

Hail, then, to the spring! reprove not the genial childlike German when he rejoices in the advent of Pentecost, the "feast of gladness." You find it hard, do you, to resist the feeling that this resurrection is simply the recommencement of the old, old story; that the sense which revives in you is aught but a fresh susceptibility of "ancient pain," or the destined vehicle of new sorrows, new disappointments, new despair, if indeed despair could find even so much comfort as the hope of a new form in its fullness would give?

Well, it is not easy for a man with a conscience to question the force of the tide which so glooms you in the midst of all this glory. But wise is the old wife's medical maxim. While there is life there is hope; and spring is the season of hope after all, and to all time must be, because it is the season of life. All things chance to the children of men; even happiness and honor and peace are not impossible. Surrender yourself then, O reader, to the "Sage of Concord," and feel with him that,

"Spring still makes spring in the mind  
When sixty years are told;  
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart  
And we are never old.

"Over the winter glaciers  
I see the summer glow,  
And through the wild-piled snowdrifts  
The warm rosebuds below!"

#### NEW YORK FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

IF ever a season was invented which was doubtful, uncertain, fitful, moody, capricious, and generally wearisome, it is an American spring. Any number of regularly recurring experiences fail to obliterate the delightful and poetical memory of spring as it should be, and can certainly never reconcile us to the spring that is. When the Christmas and New Year's holidays are over, and the succeeding party, which uses up all that is left of the New Year's cake—when we have spent a number of social and fireside evenings, and read the most interesting of the new books, then we are ready for spring, and for the interesting subject of new bonnets.

But unfortunately spring is not ready for us. We have arrived at the latter part of February, and gladly discover that it is a short month. We speak hopefully of March, as the first month of spring. We know very well that it is the longest, dreariest, wearisome month in the year, that it is black, stormy, and forbidding, and seems to have been set like a dragon to guard the approach against all gentler and more genial influences.

April, deceitful thing! sometimes comes, in all warmth and smiles. We throw aside our heavy cloaks, put our furs in camphor, sport new straws with plaid trimmings, and are assured that the spring we read about has come at last. Vain hope! Some fine morning upon which we had planned to

garden, with a pair of old leather gloves laid out for the express purpose, we arise to find a foot of snow upon the ground, and the general aspect out of doors more wintry and forbidding than the wintriest day of February.

"But what has all this to do with fashions?" asks some impatient lady reader, who is dying to know all about the new spring bonnets. Much, very much, my dear madam. In the first place, we have no spring fashions proper. They are all a delusion and a snare, a mere trap set by milliners and cloak-makers to catch unwary birds. How can we have spring fashions when winter regularly lingers long enough to almost snow-ball June, and is frequently immediately succeeded by weather which seems to have been imported from the tropics? Of course, velvet and furs have to be supplanted at once by transparent grenadine and gossamer muslin. There is no golden mean, no tender and budding season, such as poets and almanacs talk about, but everything casts off at once, and as if by magic, its winter dress, and springs into full and glowing summer life.

Thus it is with dresses, bonnets, and ribbons. One may be deluded once into putting on in April a delicate colored spring dress and hat. The morning is warm, the sky is clear, the sun is shining; it is a temptation to take a promenade. Two hours afterward the sky becomes overcast, the wind blows cold, a few drops of rain fall, and promenade hurries home, thoroughly chilled, intensely disgusted, and quite determined not to put her cloak and winter bonnet away again in April under any circumstances whatever. There are plenty of fashions for April, however, if, after this warning, any lady chooses to avail herself of them; and, as faithful chroniclers, we will proceed, after this lengthy preface, to describe them.

As the latter part of March generally witnesses the millinery opening, of course bonnets are the first consideration, this event being supposed to decide the styles for the ensuing season. That it does to a certain extent is undoubtedly true, but it certainly does not among those who are considered authorities in the world of fashion. The public millinery opening is not now what it once was; it is no longer recognized by first-class artists, and is only attended by milliners from the country, the trade in town, and that numerous class of poor, proud women and girls who want to steal an idea, from which they can make their own bonnets, or raise a little pocket-money by making one on the sly for some less clever acquaintance.

The preparations, made weeks in advance, include such designs as they have been able to select from the downtown jobbers, but rarely exhibit novelties of real elegance and value. Houses whose reputation enables them to import on their own account, keep their secrets quiet as the grave, not even their workwomen are allowed to see the whole of any new design—one completes one part, and another, another. They announce no public opening, but somewhat later in the season issue a few private circulars, or cards of invitation, to a sort of *artistique soirée*, or *matinée*, when these exclusive evidences of taste and genius are exhibited to only the most cultivated and appreciative eyes. These, as a general rule, bear about as much resemblance to the styles arranged for public exhibition as Hyperion to a satyr, and could not be recognized as belonging to the same era.

Take, for instance, the prominent characteristic of the mass of spring bonnets, as seen in the show-rooms of the ordinary establishments, and it will be found very much that of last season—high top, with trimming piled upon it to increase its Alpine dimensions; this is very different from the gentle depression over the forehead and closely fitting sides which mark the latest and most becoming designs. The really elegant bonnets are also noticed as being models of simplicity, while others seem to have been intended for horticultural shows, from the profusion with which they mingle fruit and flowers in one indiscriminate mass of decoration.

The fashionable bonnet of the season is very pretty and *distingué*. It is nearly always uniform in color, with only just enough of contrast to relieve the monotony. A contrast of the entire trimming with the body part of the bonnet is certainly allowed, and even authorized by very distinguished taste; but even in such cases no mixture but the two colors is employed, plaid trimmings being the only exception to this rule.

An exquisite bonnet of "Ophelia" crape is ornamented with a soft, branching plume of precisely the same shade, the lower stem of which droops down to the shoulder. A shower of crystal falling over a ruche of rich blonde, and a cluster of red pomegranate blossoms, completed the face trimming, unless the wide scarf of blonde tied under the chin belongs in the same category.

Another charming bonnet is of pale blue crape, ornamented with a monture of blue forget-me-nots and wild roses, tied with long, slender blonde barbes, which floated over the soft, graceful crown, and even below the curtain. This also had blonde brides to tie over wide strings of taffetas.

A white Neapolitan bonnet, fine as lace, was embroidered with all the artistic effect of French needle-work in delicate crystal. The cape was of Mexican blue velvet, covered with blonde in a shell pattern; and the face trimming, a shell of blue velvet and blonde, a large, lovely pink rose, from which



a bee was sucking the sweets, and an aigrette of spun glass.

Black crinoline and black straw are in great vogue for useful bonnets. They are very simply and becomingly trimmed with blue and green tartan, with a pretty aigrette in front of field-grass and blue daisies.

Bonnets of gray straw and small black and white checked silk, with soft (cap) crowns, are most in favor for traveling purposes. The trimming is simply a large cluster of narrow ribbon bows with ends, placed near the top, or high on the side of the crown. Gray straw bonnets trimmed in this way have cap crowns in check or plaid to match the bows and curtain.

Of round hats there is not at present much to be said; the styles will not be determined until later in the season. From present indications, however, we should judge that the size would be decidedly smaller, the crowns lower, and the brims very narrow and curled at the side.

A pretty design for a young lady is of rice straw, trimmed with a scarf of black velvet, which terminates in wide, long ends, cut diagonally, and finished with elegant straw ornaments. A rich buckle, composed of hair, straw, and crystal, clasped in front a large pompon made of high, straight loops of beautifully striped ribbon-grass.

Straw trimmings, by the way, are a great feature of the season's decorations. They are very beautiful, and quite as costly as rich lace and imitation jewels. There are straw borderings with pendent attachments, straw bands for jockey hats with rich tassels—narrow straw ribbon daintily striped—an immense variety of loops, and clasps, and staves, and curious ornaments of all kinds, with knobs, rings, chains, knapsacks, and all sorts of vagaries attached, of delicately woven hair. But the triumph of straw art is the production of a sort of straw guipure, very rich and very effective, and manufactured in barbel-like bands. Straw flowers are also made with transparent leaves, terminating in aigrette plumes, which compose charming montures, in conjunction with blue corn-flowers upon bonnets of Leghorn for instance, with curtain of Mexican blue.

Flowers of all kinds are reproduced this season with wonderful fidelity to nature. Almost every variety of rose known to the florist may be selected from these artificial exhibitions, so perfect is their structure, so minute their shading. There are also splendid specimens of laurel, variegated tulips, and the beautiful carnations, all of which are choice, and somewhat rare.

There are three combinations which we may mention as very good for the outside trimming of fine straw bonnets. One is the "Watteau" monture, a mixture of china-blue forget-me-nots, wild roses, and *amourette* grass. Another is a cluster of large purple violets, with natural oats, and straw aigrette. The third, pink rock coral, mounted on ivy, and divided into long slender branches.

A very simple yet stylish head-dress is composed of a large notched rosette of narrow Mexican blue ribbon, with pearl sea-shell and aigrette, and very long, floating ends, terminating in a fringe of rich blonde, headed with fine pendent jet.

Another style has a scarf of pink, arranged as a half wreath, with a floating end. Over the forehead it is massed with a cluster of lovely roses, a shell crescent, and meadow grass. A rose with a glittering bug in its heart confines the scarf also, below the ear.

Breakfast caps are simply charming *coiffures*, composed of a *fanchon* of lace, with square barbes, and blue, violet, or rose colored ornaments.

Plaid threatens, as we mentioned last month, to become a nuisance, and we therefore warn lady readers against employing it to any extent.

#### NEW YORK CITY—WHERE ITS PEOPLE COME FROM.

NEW YORK is not an American city—it is essentially foreign; ethnologically speaking. It is true that within the five years from 1855 to 1860, the ratio of native population was slightly increasing, but at this time, in consequence of the accelerated flow of emigrants, it must be decreasing with considerable speed. It is not easy to determine how far the foreign element prevails. In some directions it is dominant and supreme; for instance, we have not had a Mayor or Common Council for twenty years that dared to raise a voice against the Irish vote; on the contrary, that element is flattered, pandered to, and sought in every way by almost all aspirants for place or power. In looking at the foreign element in connection with peace and good order, and with out-door propriety, we must consider the children of foreign parents, although born here, as the very worst element we have. We know there are exceptions, but generally young men of native descent are quiet and well behaved, their vices are not of the pugilistic and brawling kind, and they are seldom known as rowdies or rioters. But of twenty vicious rascals who gather in rumshops, and on street corners on Sundays, at least fifteen are sons of Irish parents, and the other five belong to some other alien blood. In estimating the influence of capitalists, merchants, and business men, we must go directly the other way. There is a great deal of foreign capital here, and we have many foreign merchants, Germans especially; but the

active, stirring business of the city, whether real or speculative, is almost entirely the work of native-descended Americans, and the most enterprising and successful of these men are New Englanders. In estimating other lines of influence, as religion and education, for example, we must of course vary the standard, or rather work without a standard. Our population is a heterogeneous mass, gathered from every corner of the earth, widely varying in character, in many respects fiercely antagonistic, and in all respects so different from that of any other city or community in the nation, as to require special and generally different treatment by the State and General Governments.

To show the status of our people merely as to birthplace, we turn to the Census of 1860, and compare with that for 1855:

POPULATION BY CENSUS—1855 AND 1860.					
CLASSES.	NUMBERS.		PERCENTAGE.		
	1855.	1860.	1855.	1860.	
Native whites.....	201,881	417,792	46.33	51.35	
Colored natives.....	11,840	12,760	1.89	1.48	
Foreigners.....	326,183	383,717	51.78	47.17	
Total.....	629,904	813,569	100.00	100.00	

Of our native population the great mass are New Yorkers, of course, 379,034 being born in this city and state against 262,156 in 1855. About 40,000 of those in 1860 were born in the state, not in the city. The six Eastern states send us nearly 21,000; New Jersey and Pennsylvania about 20,000; all the Western free states only 1,941; the border slave states, 4,881; seaboard slave states, 1,353; Southwestern, 882. Of the entire population, the slave states send us but 7,116, an increase of 1,704 in five years; and of the 7,116, 1,800 are colored; leaving as white residents born in slave states the small number of 5,316, or about 2,700 males. Of the colored population, over 9,000 were born in New York and New Jersey, 1,800 in slave states, and about 1,500 in other places at the North. The equality of sexes in numbers is singular. There are of native whites 209,014 males and 208,748 females, the excess of males being only 236, or 1 in 1,700. The colored are the other way—males, 5,237, females 6,923, an excess of females of 1,686, or 1 in 7. The foreign population comes chiefly from Great Britain and the German states. Ireland, grandly pre-eminent, sends us 203,740, one-quarter of our entire population; and a gain, from 1855, of 28,000. There are 27,084 from England, increase 4,300; 9,208 from Scotland, increase 721; 895 from Wales, decrease 40; and 3,899 from British America, increase 847; so that her Majesty's dominions give us in all 244,826 of our people, an increase of just 34,000 in five years. The German states had 119,984 in 1860 against 97,903 in 1855, an increase of 22,081. To this we might add Scandinavians, Poles, Hungarians, Swiss, etc., generally classed by the vulgar as "Dutch," and we make an aggregate of 126,570. There are 8,074 from France, 1,464 from Italy, 416 from Spain, etc. None of the nations of Europe show remarkable increase in this census. The Irish increase alone is nearly equal to that from all other foreign sources, being 28,004 in an aggregate of 61,257; the increase from the British flag is more than half of all. With regard to distribution of sexes, we rate that the males predominate strongly in all except the Irish. The Germans send about 8,000 more males than females; Italy 400; France 300; England 1,177; Scotland 695; but the evergreen isle puts the balance largely the other way by sending 117,120 females to 86,580 males, an excess of 30,540. No wonder at the profusion of Irish among domestics and in less reputable callings.

We should add, for a proper understanding of our surrounding influences, the statistics of the counties immediately adjoining the city, for New York is by no means confined to the twenty-six square miles comprising Manhattan Island. The Union Ferry Company alone transport to and from the city proper an average of 80,000 persons per day; other ferries and railroads carry multitudes, so that the whole country in a radius of twenty-five miles from Wall street swarms with people who are in every business and social aspect citizens of the metropolis. We consider, then, that the counties of Kings, Queens, Richmond, and Westchester, in this state, and Hudson, Bergen, and Essex, in New Jersey, are almost metropolitan in their character—in fact component parts of the great commercial center of the continent; and their population, as the following figures will show, approximates to that of the city proper in its home and foreign elements:

POPULATION IN 1860.					
Counties.	Native.	Foreign.	Native. per cent.	Foreign. per cent.	
Kings.....	170,045	109,077	60.72	39.18	
Queens.....	43,301	14,080	75.45	24.55	
Richmond.....	16,917	8,579	66.36	33.64	
Westchester.....	71,674	27,823	72.03	27.97	
Hudson.....	36,683	26,034	58.45	41.55	
Bergen.....	17,337	4,281	80.10	19.90	
Essex.....	63,071	33,806	65.51	34.49	
Total.....	421,026	223,686	65.32	34.68	
New York City.....	429,932	383,717	52.33	47.17	
Grand Total.....	850,958	607,403	58.35	41.65	

Thus we have, in an aggregate population of little less than 1,500,000, more than four-tenths of foreign born, or four foreigners to six natives, estimating all the children of foreign-born parents as native Americans.

We have said that all the earth is represented in New York. There are residents from every state in

the Union, from all the British American Provinces, most of the West India Islands, from Mexico, Central and South America, from every kingdom and section of a kingdom in Europe, from Asia, Africa, Australia, China and Japan, Sandwich Islands, and several Pacific and Atlantic islands. Bringing every grade of civilization, from the Oxford professor to the stupid Malay and the African cannibal—every religion from the splendid pomp of Rome to Fetishism—every moral quality or lack of quality to be found on the earth—all imbued with the idea that this is a free country, and they can do as they please—it is not to be matter of wonder that we have a turbulent, wrangling, almost ungovernable city; it is matter of wonder that such a heterogeneous mass can be governed at all—that the latent fire of revolt does not break out, or attempt to break out, far oftener.

In another article we shall show some of the characteristics of our immigrant population, and their effect upon our social, moral, and political condition.

#### LAUGHING-GAS EXHIBITIONS.

AMONG the very refined "moral" exhibitions often had recourse to nowadays, as a stimulus, that of protoxyd of nitrogen is prominent. This agent—which is better known, perhaps, as laughing-gas—has, we believe, its proper uses. It is stated to have been successfully tried as an anesthetic, and that painful operations can be disarmed of their terrors by its application. If this be so—and we have at present no reason to doubt it—laughing-gas is a benefit to suffering humanity, and we therefore wish it all success in its mission of alleviating misery; but we do not like it, at all, in its employment as an agent for giving comic entertainment. Naturally speaking, in fact, the perfume of protoxyd of nitrogen is not always so sweet as that of the modest violet.

At all the exhibitions of laughing-gas which we have witnessed, pretty much the same assorted lots of people were to be seen as those who patronize Barnum's. Aminadab Sleek was there, for instance, with several members of his cheerful and interesting family; and in the same crowd we were generally shocked to observe some few persons antithetical in sex and reputation to Aminadab Sleek, and whom it is hardly necessary for us to characterize distinctly here. Red, however, is popularly supposed to be their favorite color for dress. The stage, or platform, upon which the protoxydated persons are exhibited is provided with a hand-rail, to prevent them from falling over and hurting the front row of the parquette. Such precaution is necessary, because protoxydated persons are apt not only to stagger to and fro like other drunken people, but also to invert themselves like the embryo portraits in the camera of the photographer. Indeed the exhibition, in general, bears some resemblance to that which, any Monday morning, the early police reporter may see in the Police Court of the Tombs. The professor—usually a dry, yellowish man, with a stiff black beard of formal cut—comes forward to the front of the stage, and makes a little disjointed speech, setting forth the numerous joys that are stowed away, like shirts, boots, and hair-brushes, in the large india-rubber bag of gas held by him. Presently he invites any number of gentlemen to step upon the platform and taste his tap—an invitation usually accepted by several young men of a theatrical turn, by several other young men who are partially idiotic, and by a few men of maturer age, who frequently have some deep-laid scheme in view, such as denouncing a rival in trade or love, or advertising a patent article of some kind belonging to them. All these persons are affected by the laughing-gas, so the professor tells us, according to their several temperaments. The stout, florid young man of stagey tendencies, after having wrested the bag from the professor, and flapped him soundly about the ears with it—for which we hereby tender him our thanks—reels and stamps about for a few moments under the influence of the intoxicating agent, and then, striking a moody attitude, proceeds to treat the audience to a very correct reading of Hamlet's soliloquy, perhaps. We can see that the stage-struck young man has now his wits about him, and is determined to make the most of this, his first appearance on any stage, and we are troubled about Aminadab Sleek, who is thus brought face to face with Shakespeare and Toodles in one brief moment. Some laughter greets the efforts of the stage-struck young man, but more applause, for the feminine element is very strong in the house, and they all dearly love a bit out of a play. The low comedian of the evening, however, is the partially idiotic young man, who, having become totally and disgustingly idiotic under the influence of the gas, reels wildly along the handrail, giving utterance to guttural yells not unlike those executed by persons in a paroxysm of vocal gymnastics. These efforts of high art are greeted with roars of inextinguishable laughter. Then comes the bald-headed patentee of middle age, who, after the usual drunken demonstration while really under the spell of the nitrogen, cools off suddenly, and denounces in set terms his rival, or advertises his magic hair-restorer, as the case may be. And he, too, is honored with many rounds of applause; more for his ingenuity, perhaps, than for his wit.

With a due regard to morality, the gentlemen are now requested to retire from the stage, because the ladies are



anxious to come forward and quaff from the infuriating bag. They are mostly young girls who step upon the platform—some of them mere children, indeed—but there are among them a few prim persons of the old-maidish type, and one or two full-blown matrons, perhaps. There is some hesitation, at first, about taking the gas, but at last a young girl, of some eighteen or twenty years, rather good-looking, and who may, as likely as not, be a dress-maker during the day, takes a good pull at the goblet of bliss, and, after hiding her face in her hands for a few moments, goes off into a wild, hysterical "drunk," such as is but too often enacted, with not much greater exaggeration of detail, by the pretty-waiter-girl of the concert-saloon, when the after-midnight revel is at its highest. Immense laughter and applause greet this fair debutante, and a lady in front of us cries "how natural!" from which we infer that she is an expert in matters convivial, and addicted to cordials that sail under the black flag of physic. The next lady who ventures the sensation is a large-boned, powerful old maid, with high shoulders and a heavy fur tippet. She is very tenacious about being touched by the professor, and holds her own nose while she inhales the gas. When she has taken as much of it as she can carry, she glares for a moment upon the assembly with a very stand-off expression of eye, and then, bursting into a deluge of bitter tears, pounds heavily to and fro on the platform, crying-drunk. Evidently the professor looks upon this as his masterpiece of the evening; he stands apart, with head on one side and uplifted hands, contemplating with admiration the intoxicated female, as a sculptor might a statue upon which the last touches of his chisel had just chimed. Fearing lest she may descend from the platform, he at one moment catches her by the hand, which she snatches from him with a savage "let go!" and proceeds upon her path of tears. The "boohoo" is of such long duration that we grew tired of it. We begin to think it monotonous, in fact; and, although the hilarity occasioned by it is tremendous throughout the house, we rise and leave the scene, with a wonderful feeling of thirst upon us, considering the wild revel at which we have been assisting.

We hardly think that much comment is necessary upon an exhibition such as the one thus briefly described by us; one which may be seen in this city many times in the course of a season. If it is less pernicious in its effects than such a play as "Toodles," for instance, we fail to see it in that light. In the drama, drunken women are inadmissible. Mrs. Toodles would be hooted from the stage if she came on in it in a state of beer; but at the moral exhibition of laughing-gas, girls and women, who act for a brief space much as the early police reporter sees the low courtesans under the influence of alcohol do, are cheered to the welkin by fathers, mothers, grown boys and girls, and children of tender years.

#### WANDERINGS IN THE TRACK OF THE NORTHMEN. XIII.

##### TRIP TO THE GEYSERS.

AFTER an hour of rest the relay ponies were brought up for the saddle, and those that had carried us so far now took their chance at scampering free, or resting, as the Icelanders call it, when the pony carries no load, though he may be running at the top of his speed. For several miles succeeded hill and flowery glen such as I have described, charming places for a summer cottage, if one could migrate like the birds. But close at hand is another place of desolation, another plateau or table-land of lava, once a broad river of melted rock, now horrid with the scattered, broken blocks, and blackened by the tempest of fire. Loose cairns of the smaller stones marked the course where the unyielding volcanic crust left no trace of the iron shoe. There was one rude house of refuge, built of the lava blocks, for the traveler lost here in wintry storms. What dreary scenes there must be, when over this wide-spread moor the whirling snow gathers in deepening drifts through the long winter night or dimly lighted hour of day!

Late in the day our eyes were gladdened with the sight of water, Thingvalla Lake, blue as the beautiful Geneva of Switzerland. Its surface, smooth as polished glass, reflected the dark hills beyond, whose summits were now lighted up with those indescribable violet tints only seen among Alpine scenery. These volcanic hills were dark and frowning, but their summits gleamed like amethyst and gold, and their broad bases stretched to the water's edge, that encircled them like burnished silver. As we drew nearer, a green valley opened between the hills in pleasant contrast to their barren sides. The whole scene was now delightful, and none the less charming that it betokened our journey's end for the day. In this vale we proposed to spend the night. This is Thingvalla, the vale of the Althing or Great Assembly, where the legislators of Iceland met to enact their laws for more than eight hundred years. The *élite* of the island, as well as the common people, encamped within its borders, making the meeting of the Althing the occasion for a great national gathering. It was only at the beginning of the present century that the place of meeting was transferred to Reykjavik, as described in a previous chapter. But this grand old council hall of nature's own workmanship is worthy of a description.

The valley was undoubtedly formed by an earthquake. An area some ten miles by five, holding the lake and fertile vale on its border, has settled by a sudden convulsion, leaving the rock around it a high and shattered wall. As we press on toward Thingvalla, we suddenly come to the Almannagjá or chasm, through which alone we can pass from the upper plain to the valley below. This wall of stone, inclosing the valley, stretches as far as the eye can reach—now smooth as newly laid masonry, and again broken as though battered by Titanic artillery. We stand on the summit of this wall, which is even with the plain over which we have passed, and look down a fearful stairway of basaltic blocks, that are tumbled into wild confusion between the main wall and another portion split from it as the valley sank, but still remaining as a second wall or stair-railing of broken stone. Into this chasm thus formed the broken stones have been tumbled, and over these fragments we must pass to the valley, now nearly two hundred feet below us, once on a level with the plain on which we stand. The rest of the party had passed down before Mr. Symington and myself arrived. We trusted to the sure-footed ponies, and they carried us safely to the bottom. The others had dismounted, as is the custom in making this descent, and they could hardly be convinced that we had come down that frightful gorge on pony-back. When fairly in the valley, the Cyclopean grandeur of this encircling wall of stone became more apparent. The river Öxara poured its cold, clear waters from the summit to the plain below, forming one of the finest cataracts in Iceland. Winding through the valley, it then mingles with the waters of the lake. In the early days of the country, the Icelandic laws were a bloody code, and here was the place where the sentence was executed which had been pronounced in the Althing beyond. On a little island in this river criminals were beheaded; in its waters those mothers were drowned that had destroyed their children, and from the high wall beyond the Almannagjá the miserable wretches accused of witchcraft were cast headlong.

By the side of this lake, on a beautiful lawn soft with grass and moss as the richest royal carpet, surrounded with caverns filled with cold crystal waters, the legislators of Iceland were accustomed to assemble, while the common people were separated from the august body by these impassable caverns. They are eighty or a hundred feet in depth, and in some places no bottom has been found. The narrowest place is sixteen feet wide, and they have a tradition that a bold outlaw once, on trial for his life, here escaped from the hands of justice by making this fearful leap.

No nation in the world can boast of so magnificent a legislative hall as the Icelanders—nature was the builder. In the distance she has thrown up volcanic walls that no power of man can equal. Around it, in bottomless moats of stone, she has poured in waters that never fail. The dome above are the heavens themselves. The Great Assembly has deserted it. But every year does nature weave on its lava floor the softest carpet, and enamel it with the gayest flowers, as though waiting and preparing for her children's return.

The traveler is here generally able to sleep in a church, which almost everywhere in Iceland is used as a storehouse and place of rest for strangers. But the little building was torn down, and the priest with his workmen was busily engaged preparing the frame of another of timber brought on pony-back, thirty-five miles, from Reykjavik. Its size was about fifteen by twenty feet, but large enough for his few parishioners. He gave us the salutation of peace in Latin, the only language he could speak that we could understand. His house resembled most others in the interior of the island. They are like four or five tombs joined together, all surrounded by a thick wall of lava blocks filled in with earth, roofed generally with drift timber, and covered with a thick layer of earth and turf, so that the best grass land in Iceland is on the house-top. One long dark passage leads through the center, from which the little rooms branch off, separated from each other by thick walls of stone and earth. These rooms are dimly lighted by small windows of glass or animal membrane. But in the kitchen the light is admitted through an opening in the roof, which serves also as the only exit for smoke. The guest-room of the Thingvalla parsonage is made of wood, and has light from two front windows. But the whole interior of the house, the dark, damp walls, earthy odor, and dripping roof, remind one at once of the entrance to a coal-mine rather than of a pleasant home.

In such dark, damp, underground abodes are most of the Icelanders compelled to dwell. Having no fuel but a few dwarf bushes, or peat, which it is often difficult to dry, they are compelled to crowd together to secure warmth at the expense of every other comfort. Just by his house was the little cemetery—the graves well kept, but not marked by a single stone. So few their number that tradition can preserve the memories and the virtues of those who sleep in them.

Wet and weary as we all were, we readily accepted his invitation to occupy the guest-room for the night. On the arrival of the baggage, supper was prepared, with the addition to our own stock of provisions of an abundance of

fine trout taken from the lake by the priest or his workmen. Our only resting-place was the floor, where we lay upon our wet plaids crowded together in that small room that fairly dripped around the sides with moisture. A most miserable night we passed, with little sleep, I think, for any one. Driven out by the cold and impure air, which no ordinary lungs could endure, I found my English friend stretched upon the cold, wet, lava blocks of the passage way, the water dripping from the turf roof upon him. The poisoned air of the room had done its work, and he was in a most miserable plight from sickness and fatigue. Making my way to the farther end of the passage, I came to what I afterward learned was the kitchen. Between two lava blocks that served as a fireplace some peat was smouldering, and by the side of that I sat on the ground for the rest of the night, for there was no floor and no such thing as a seat in the apartment. One iron kettle and a few basins were the only cooking utensils I saw. The earth walls were saturated with all the products of imperfect combustion, so that the odor of the room was like that of a tar kiln. The smoke having no chimney to conduct it, filled the room and then lazily made its way through two small openings in the turf-covered roof, where the gray light of the long Icelandic morning seemed struggling to enter. This was the home, not of a common peasant, but of the priest, who could readily translate his Greek Testament into the Latin language.

If anything will make one thankful for the comfortable home which the poorest laborer can have in America, it is such a night as we spent at Thingvalla. In the camp and in the wilderness, privations and discomforts are expected, for such modes of life are accidental and temporary. But here we found them in a home, not in the home of the unfortunate, the vicious, or the abandoned, but in the home of a fortunate Icander, a man of learning and a minister of the Gospel.

#### WHERE IS MY WIFE?

MR. EDITOR:—

DEAR SIR: I ask your aid and your sympathy, for I am a bereaved man. It is now three weeks since I have laid eyes upon my wife, though night and day have I been in search of her. You may have seen me as I vibrated between Union Square and the armory of the Twenty-second Regiment in Fourteenth street. I have seen many of my friends pass me—and you among them—but my wife I have not seen. Have you seen her?

Let me tell my story; it shall be short. The day after New Year's she was seized with the Sanitary Fair fever, but in a mild and harmless form, as I thought then. It began by her appealing to me to help the poor soldiers, and do my part in putting down this accursed rebellion. Have I not done so? She knows, and you know, that I went through the Peninsular campaign, and would have remained in the army until now had I not been disabled. You may not know, but she knows, that I have contributed a tenth of my income—and it is not large—to different charities that have for their object the promotion of the soldier's welfare. But the point was, what would I do for the Sanitary Fair? I told her I would do all I could, and as an earnest of my purpose I added that I would attend to household matters if she would devote her spare time to working for the fair. The offer was readily accepted, and a few days later I was made not a little proud by seeing in my morning paper her name at the head of one of the most important committees on the Metropolitan Fair. Little did I think then how much sorrow that would bring me. But, sir, have you seen my wife?

For two months she was out most of the time calling upon persons to solicit their aid for this most deserving charity; and when she was at home I could get no chance to see her, for she was overrun with callers, each one having very important business. Bundles of all shapes and sizes began to arrive. The garret was long since filled with them, and the balance has been stored in the back parlor. And, what was more provoking, the packages used to come just at night, when I had lighted my post-prandial cigar and could not bear to be disturbed. But my wife was so earnest (she is positively bewitching in her enthusiasm) that I hadn't the heart to refuse, so I went to work and helped carry the bundles in the house and store them where she wished. When the job was finished I was glad to retire, though I had not read my paper. My wife—but have you seen her?

My wife, I was about saying, disappeared just three weeks ago—no, it was three weeks and a day. She went out in the forenoon, and has never returned. I see her name every day in the morning and evening papers. Yesterday I read in the *Tribune*: "The committee on — are meeting with great success, due mainly to the personal exertions of Mrs. —. We mean no disparagement of the other members of the committee, but we know that they all admire the self-sacrifice and untiring energy which Mrs. — has displayed in this good work. Indeed, the information comes to us from one of the committee, and we print it as a simple act of justice to a noble, patriotic woman." This is very gratifying to me, but would be much more so could I only see the lady referred to in such eulogistic terms. I



have been to the committee rooms again and again, but she has always "just gone out." I have hung about the building in Fourteenth street in hopes of seeing her, but in vain. Everybody has seen her, but nobody can tell where she is. This week I have been about the new building now erecting on Union Square, and have heard of her time and time again, but have not seen her. Once I thought I caught a glimpse of her dress whirling around the corner of Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue, and I started to run, but owing to the effect of the wound received while I was in the army, I had to give up the chase. I got very much out of breath, too. Still I would not have minded it so much if I had only found my wife. Have you seen her?

I am sure you have. Everybody has—except her husband. My friends meet me and congratulate me so warmly on the achievements of my wife that I can't help blushing with marital pride, and when I inquire if they have seen her, I get the same answer: "Why, of course we have. She is everywhere. How very strange that you have not met her!" Well, I suppose I must give up all hopes of seeing her till the fair is closed. Three weeks more without a wife! Perhaps I may meet her at the fair; but I don't count much upon that.

I have written her a great many letters—at least two every day. Some I write in prose and some in verse, though I don't pretend to be a poet. (One of my poems was published in the "Lyrics of Loyalty," but it was the poorest I ever wrote.) To-day I have written a few verses to her, which I inclose. Perhaps she may see them if they are printed in your paper, so here they are:

TO MY WIFE.

(If she should never return.)

O dear and fair, O dear and fair,  
From home these long weeks straying,  
Hast thou at last been ruffled for  
That thus you're strangely staying?

O bundle dear! My chandeller,  
Light of my youth's ambition!  
How sanitary once you seemed—  
Alas, your changed condition!

Afghan of all my earthly joy,  
Pin-cushion of my heart,  
Alas that worsted on the brain  
Should force us thus to part!

Dear angel of the crowded street  
I once possessed the pleasure,  
Of seeing for myself at times  
My fondly cherished treasure.

But now I seek for her in vain,  
Frantic with household cares,  
While this is all the comfort left,  
"The fair are at the Fair."

Sweet belle of all those halcyon days,  
(Confound that door-bell's ringing!)  
Methinks in dreams I see thee now,  
(And still those bundles bringing!)

O land that never had a Fair,  
Sweet Paradise above,  
When through with all this toil and woe,  
O take my wandering dove!

I suppose she is very busy now, for I am told the fair is to open next Monday. Poor woman, how tired she must be!—perhaps more so than I am with my long search for her. But I shall keep on searching. Who knows but I may meet her sooner than I expect? I wish the fair were over. But I must stop writing and renew my walk on Fourteenth street. If you should see my wife, please inform me where I can find her, and

Believe me,

Yours in patriotism and sadness,  
FRANK FRANTIC.

#### VEGETARIANS AND VEGETABLES.

THE thin-blooded philosophers who insist on classing man with the herbivorous animals misrepresent him in spite of his teeth. His dental apparatus is as well fitted for piercing and rending as for crushing and grinding, and from the shape and sharpness of his incisors it is fair to infer that Providence intended him to eat beef with his potatoes. He can, it is true, live on bran bread and garden esculents; indeed, we have known several white-faced individuals who sustained nature, after a fashion, on this sort of diet; but their milky complexions were a verification of the proverb "You cannot get blood out of a turnip." Benjamin Franklin, when an apprentice, tried vegetarianism, but soon returned to his mutton, and so ravenously that he devoured an entire leg of it, on which several of his friends had been invited to dine, before the expected guests had made their appearance. He confesses in his autobiography that the appetizing savor of the roasted joint overcame his respect for the laws of politeness and hospitality. Sylvester Graham, who taught that the relation between lenten fare and longevity was that of cause and effect, had many disciples during his lifetime;

but as he unfortunately threw discredit on his own theory by dying at the age of fifty or thereabout, his system subsequently fell into disrepute, and we are acquainted with several renegades from Grahamism who are now enjoying a ripe and ruddy old age under the influence of porter-house steaks and other animal stimulants. Some beef-eating wag has satirized the idiosyncrasy of the famous eschewer of meats rather happily in the following stanzas:

"There was Graham, a patron of squashes and bran—  
He whose Christian name was Sylvester;  
He was pale, slight, and dry, quite a grayless man—  
Was this fanatic roast-beef detester.

"He delighted in biscuit, he doted on rice,  
And all meats did for ever aside throw,  
And averred that carnivorous tastes were a vice—  
In the midst of his triumphs he died, though."

Nevertheless, vegetables are essential elements of good living, and as healthful as they are delicious. It is James Yellowplush, we believe, who describes the most unexceptionable "swarry" he ever sat down to, as consisting of due proportions of mutton and turnips. The Romans, who understood the principles of hygiene nearly as well as we understand them, and applied them much more rigidly, regulated the use of "garden sauce" by penal statute. Every citizen was compelled to temper his flesh diet with "greens" enough to keep his blood cool, and from their connection either with the enactment or enforcement of the laws relating to vegetable food, many of the great families of Old Rome seem to have derived their appellations. The name of Lentulus tells its own story; Fabius is from *faba*, a bean; and Cicero from *cicer*, a kind of pea.

The bean was a pet esculent of the ancients. Isodorus says it was the first morsel that passed down the throat of man; but, as his information on the subject must have been somewhat vague, we do not yield implicit credence to his *ipse dixit*. Of all the *faba* tribe, commend us to the Lima bean. The haricot blanc, or white kidney-bean, is also excellent, whether eaten in its immature state, pod and all, or when full grown and without its sheathing. It gives its name to a savory French stew, of which, however, it is very seldom an ingredient. Beans should be steamed, not boiled, and the only dressing they need is a little salt and a lump of fresh butter. New England would scarcely pardon us if we failed to mention its staple luxury, salt pork and baked beans; and so, not to be uncourteous to the orientals, we freely admit that their favorite pabulum is exceedingly palatable—to those who relish it. Let it not be imputed to us as a fault, but rather as a misfortune, that we prefer the two articles separate, and do not violently affect either. Still we would quite as lief partake of the dish sacred to Saturday night in the "land of steady habits," as of raw kidney-beans dressed salad fashion—a Visigothic abomination eaten with great gusto by the first Napoleon. Possibly the Little Corporal's caprice in the matter of pulse may have grown out of his admiration for Alexander the Great, his military model, who introduced the haricot blanc from India, and set the fashion of bean salads in Macedon and Greece, whence it was probably transmitted to Rome.

The Latin race seem to have been remarkably fond of peas. The rowdy Roman youths were accustomed to munch them at the circus and the theater, just as our Bowery boys discuss peanuts in the Thespian temples of that locality; and pea-peddlers roamed about the Coliseum while the bloody sports of the arena were in progress, shouting "Peas! peas! gray peas!" as vociferously as the vendors of oranges and cakes cry their wares in modern "amphitheaters." Wisely spake Solomon when he said "There is nothing new under the sun." Repetition is the law of history.

And yet there are exceptions to the rule, for after all the Romans knew nothing about green peas. These dainty products of the kitchen-garden were an untasted luxury until the middle of the sixteenth century. They did not exactly blush unseen, but nobody thought of shelling and cooking them. At length a Frenchman—may his name, which was Michaux, live for ever!—discovered that they were edible. And here let us drop a tear of commiseration over the privations of our Christian ancestors. Up to the year 1550, or thereabout, they ate their spring lamb without green peas and without mint sauce! Let us be thankful that we live in an age when marrow-fats and mint are universally appreciated! By the way, a sprig of the latter should always be boiled—or rather steamed—with the former. It imparts to them a rare flavor. There be cooks of heathenness who make *pea-soup* of their green peas, sending them to table in a puddle of green water that looks as if it had been dipped from a stagnant pool. We are sure that no reader of the ROUND TABLE permits such *gaucheries* in his or her cuisine. Solution of pulse is a thing abominable.

Treatises innumerable have been written on the potato, and many of them include the fib that it was sent by Raleigh's Virginia colonists to England about the year 1586. As it is not indigenous to any part of North America except Mexico, and could not have been naturalized on the banks of the Roanoke early enough to have become an export at that date, the *canard* is palpable. It was probably introduced into Europe from Quito by the Spaniards, but did not reach England until several years after the period usually

assigned to its advent there. Even as late as the middle of the last century it was described in a London publication as "a root found in the New World, consisting of knobs held together by strings," and which "perhaps, if you boil it with dates, may serve to keep soul and body together among those who can find nothing better." It is a singular fact that the sweet potato, now almost obsolete in Europe, was a "delicate dish" at English tables years before the "curse of Ireland," as Cobbett maliciously calls our mealy old friend, had crossed the Atlantic. The potato, as we all know, is not what it was. "Modern degeneracy" has reached it. It is apt to be as rotten at the core as a mercenary politician. Moreover, it is shamefully misused in the cooking. The French profess to have a hundred ways of preparing it, but after all it is best when simply boiled, baked, or roasted. Cooked any way, however, it is preferable to its coarse cousin the West Indian yam, which is the flattest and most insipid of vegetables.

Cabbage for those who like it. For our part we leave it to the Teutons. *Sauer-kraut* and *slaw* may be ambrosia to Germans and Hollanders, but so is Limburger cheese, and our olfactories have their little prejudices. The cabbage, like the onion, is a *reminiscent* vegetable. The Egyptians made a god of it, which, however, was no compliment, as they had a knack at deifying nuisances. Hippocrates recommended it for the colic—probably on the homeopathic principle, *similia similibus curantur*. We Anglo-Saxons, while tolerating it on our tables, have shown our contempt for it by manufacturing out of the noun-substantive *cabbage*, a verb and a pair of participles of infamous significance.

But the cabbage has a lovely relative that cannot be too highly extolled. Live the cauliflower! The flora of the temperate zone has nothing equal to it. One might fancy its foam-lake efflorescence a whip-syllabus dropped from the Milky Way into a goblet of green leaves. It is the white rose of the kitchen garden; a natural *omelette soufflée*; the curds and cream of vegetation; the—but we are confusing metaphors in our desire to do it honor. When boiled to tenderness—not to "rags"—a spoonful scooped from its bulging center, anointed with melted butter that is not paste, and judiciously salted and peppered, is a morsel which it would be faint praise to call delectable. Alas that we must wait until autumn for the cauliflower! Rome had a poor substitute for it in the broccoli, and yet Tiberius and his son Drusus sometimes all but fought for the lion's share of that more diffuse and far less delicious vegetable.

Is asparagus worthy to rank with the cauliflower? We hardly know; but could

—decide without great wrong to either,  
It is much better to have both than neither."

Pliny, who appears to have had a lively sense of the value of creature comforts, considered asparagus a dainty intended by nature to grow everywhere. But nature, unassisted, cannot produce the article in a condition fit for the table of an epicure. It requires careful cultivation to raise those large succulent stems of which the cuneiform tips are mouthfuls. Terra requires to be stimulated with much ammonia before she is strong enough to mould such vegetable arrows and shoot them up into the light, and it is only after attempting the exploit for three successive years that she accomplishes it satisfactorily. It must be confessed that eating asparagus is not a graceful employment, but by frequent practice you may learn to catch the inverted apex exactly at the proper angle every time, always providing that the "grass" is not too limp and spindling. In the days of the Cæsars three stems of Ravenna asparagus, we are told, weighed a pound. The world-conquerors understood market-gardening thoroughly, it seems. But, perhaps the statement was more exaggerated than the asparagus. We incline to believe that some of the vegetable stories of antiquity are as "fish-like" as they are "ancient." For example, the Hebrew record makes mention of radishes so gigantic that a fox could burrow in one of them, and raise therein a litter of half a dozen cubs or so—a tale that has a somewhat legendary flavor. Much asparagus is ruined by overboiling. The green part should be cooked just enough not to break with its own weight. It is not necessary to boil the vegetable until the handle is of that consistency.

It is quite impossible to do justice to the luxuries of the kitchen garden in a single article, so we must reserve for the present what we *could* say, if space permitted, touching scores of them which deserve honorable mention. Our idea of culinary vegetables is that they are excellent accessories of the banquet, but not very desirable *solus*. We remember dining several years ago with Mr. Seward, then governor of the state of New York, at the Graham House in this city, a noted vegetarian boarding-house. The dinner consisted exclusively of vegetables and fruits, and when it was over the landlady asked the governor how he liked it. "Very good, madam," said Mr. Seward, "very good indeed—for supper." From the quizzical look he gave us as he made the remark, we inferred that he would have been glad of even a "small pennyworth" of beef as a corrective of that "intolerable quantity" of suagulence.

Man is carnivorous as well as herbivorous, and, if put on a diet of greens, is apt to hanker after "the flesh-pots of Egypt."



## REVIEWS.

## SHAKESPEARE IN THE FLESH.\*

NOW that the question comes up of erecting some memorial to Shakespeare, it may not be uninteresting to scrutinize the various alleged portraits of the man, and ascertain which is the best authority to follow in making such a memorial effigy. The volume we choose affords the readiest means at hand for such an investigation.

In April, 1816, just two hundred years after the death of Shakespeare, Mr. Britton issued his monograph on the Stratford bust, the earliest examination at any length into the question of Shakespeare's physical identity with it. He has been followed since by Boaden, Wivell, and others, and now, in anticipation of the coming Tercentenary, this work of Mr. Friswell makes its appearance, and, as the first to illustrate the subject by photographs, it is of a marked importance. Winkelman dwells upon the utter insufficiency of engravings to aid us reliably in the critical examination of the remains of ancient art. It is easy to understand how a hair's breadth of variation in a facial line will alter the entire expression of a head, and yet the graving tool is very rarely in such a hand that the fatal trifling divergence will not occur. Any one can test this point for himself. It is not, of course, so marked in a face of very rigid contour like Voltaire's or Wellington's; but yet in one of such ruggedness as Johnson's we can find scarcely two of the many engravings of Reynolds's head that are alike in character. When we take a countenance of such delicacy of expression as Gray's, the correspondence among the various plates is even remote, and the study leaves us with little trust that either of them accurately resembles the original painting. It is this consideration that illustrates the great value of photographic copies of portraits that are to be critically considered. Mr. Friswell claims that his photograph of the Stratford bust is the only correct representation that has ever been made, having been taken from a platform on a level with it, after the incrustation of paint that Malone caused to be spread over it was removed, thus restoring to the edges of the cutting nearly their original sharpness. In fact, these two thick coats of whitewash, that, since 1793, have injured whatever fineness of expression the bust possessed, have had the same deleterious effects upon the casts in circulation, as they have been taken over this coating; and it is moreover from these that the common photographs of the bust have been secured. The engravings have been much worse. Boaden's, which was made to illustrate his "Inquiry," is very false, and quite a number that we have before us not only differ among themselves, but not one adequately represents the bust as the photograph gives it. Those of the more ordinary sort are shamefully untrue, the detail of drapery even being carelessly altered. The monument, the reader knows, stands above the level of sight, and the consequent foreshortening effect allows the spectator in the church to judge but imperfectly of the bust. The common casts, even if untouched, enable us much better to criticise it, or what we think still more preferable, since it was cut for a front view merely, the photograph of that aspect now before us.

It is certain that the difficulty of inspecting it, or the cross-lights of the chancel, not to name the varying temperaments of the spectators, have produced a marked contrariety of judgment upon it. The photograph accords with our own recollections of it—as that of an evident English physiognomy, tending to that length of face which De Quincey says was a remarkable trait in the Elizabethan and Carolinian periods, a good deal animal in expression, though open and cheerful; and if not the man to write Hamlet, not denying the propensity to sport that gleams in Falstaff. The skull is smooth, with no phrenological development; the nose thick and very short; the upper lip long, yet not so long by a quarter of an inch as Sir Walter Scott's; the cheeks full, and the chin rounded to the same continuous line—in fact, it has the look of a man that liked a carouse and lived on good mutton and better ale. If we have drawn the head to the mind's eye, the reader may be surprised at some of the comments that we find made upon it. Boaden thinks he could not have looked more rapt with the *vis comica* if he had been sketching out Falstaff at the very moment. Northcote thought he saw in it a great and good man. Malone fancied he saw "pertness" in its look. The grandiloquent strain, however, is the most amusing. Drake sees that "exquisite harmony and symmetry which not only in each separate feature, in the swell and expansion of the forehead, in the commanding sweep of the eyebrow, in the undulating outline of the nose, and in the open sweetness of the lips, but in their combined and integral expression, breathe of him of whom it may be said: We ne'er shall look upon his like again!" Turn to Henry T. Tuckerman's account, and we find the same style of rapture. "Its expression is blended intelligence and kindness; intellect high, self-possessed, and clear, and habitual benignity, were the characteristics of his face. A more serene and noble countenance, grand in its outline, and gentle in its spirit

cannot be imagined!" Mr. Hawthorne writes much more sensibly. "The features are entirely unlike any portrait of Shakespeare," he says, "that I have ever seen, and compel me to take down the beautiful lofty-browed and noble picture of him, which has hitherto hung in my mental portrait gallery. The bust cannot be said to represent a beautiful face or an eminently noble head; but it clutches firmly hold of one's sense of reality—a singular rather than prepossessing face. He doubtless shone through this dull mask, and transfigured it into the face of an angel." Let us now use an artist's eye. Gainsborough was commissioned by Garrick to paint him a picture of Shakespeare, and went to Stratford to study the bust. "It is a silly, smiling thing," he wrote back. Kaulbach entertained a similar notion when he introduced Shakespeare into his Cartoon of the Reformation, for he could not believe that Lear ever came from such a head. He preserved only the general expression, but not one single feature, lengthening the nose and shortening the upper lip, evidently not believing in Carlyle's notion of the length of that member signifying power.

There is, however, a sense of reality about it, as Mr. Hawthorne discovered, and what Howitt tells us of his picking out of the Stratford school, by the resemblance of the lad to it, a William Shakespeare Smith, a descendant of the poet's sister, is corroboratory of its truth. Farther than this is the tradition that it was sculptured from a cast taken after death. Chantrey, when he examined it, thought he saw evidences of its following such a guide in the variance of the two sides of the head; and John Bell holds the same opinion, stating farther that the copyist must have been a rude workman. In corroboration of this last opinion, if a mere glance needs to be strengthened, it is discovered that the eyes open like mere apertures and have nothing of the human curve in the lids, and the glands next the nose are wanting. This supports, also, the cast-theory, for the eyes in that would of course be closed, and a poor workman would make just these blunders in opening them in his stone. Yet in the teeth of this, as if to show how the subject may pervert the judgment, as in the other case of estimating its facial power, Britton writes of its truth of drawing and accuracy of muscular forms, and Fairholt proclaims it to be sculptured with singular delicacy and remarkable care! The mask of a face now in the British Museum, claimed as the very one from which the Gerard Johnson, who is called the maker of this monument, worked, was referred to at some length in a past number of this journal (see p. 203), and we will not now dwell upon this exceedingly dubious matter but simply sum up at this point the claims of this bust's representing the living Shakespeare, as consisting in the fact that it was erected within seven years of his death, that tradition reports it like him, and that there are plausible grounds for considering it to have been made after a cast. Direct evidence that it resembles Shakespeare does not exist.

This last condition has not been thought to pertain to the head (etched) on the title of the player's edition of his works, printed in 1623, for some lines appended, assumed to be Ben Jonson's from the B. J. with which they are signed, thus run:

"This Figure, that thou here seest put,  
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;  
Wherein the Graver had a strife  
With Nature, to out-doe the life:  
O, could he but have drawn his wit  
As well in brass as he hath hit  
His face; the fruit would then surpass  
All that was ever writ in brass,  
But since he cannot, Reader, looke  
Not on his picture, but his Booke."

And this is taken as evidence of the likeness; but let us examine it. First, granting it does convey such meaning, we need to know that the writer of the lines was a man who could tell what a resemblance is, for that there are many who cannot is in every portrait painter's experience. The number of men who are not able to distinguish colors is surprisingly large, and the imperfection of sight which prevents a recognition of likenesses is, we think, even more common. This objection might be deemed supererogatory, if the Droeshout print looked like anything that was ever endowed with human feeling, which it does not; and before believing that Shakespeare appeared the unearthly clown this head represents, we may well question the evidence of such a miracle. Second, let us see if the lines mean what they are taken to, or if they do not rather convey a satire on the head as severe as our own. Seeing that an author's face upon the title was common in that day, as Mr. Friswell shows, we will pass the suspicious presumption of the reader's ignorance of the fact in the second line. And now what do the third and fourth lines mean? They are very ambiguous, to say the least. Richardson gives the primitive meaning of *out-doe* as to do out, to put out, and cites from Drayton, "Was ta'en in battle and his eyes out-doe." Let us substitute this meaning, common in Shakespeare's day, and we read

"Wherein the Graver had a strife  
With Nature, to put out the life,"

and what can it mean, but that as death removed the living man, the tool had eradicated all resemblance of him? With this interpretation the ironical satire of the following lines is no longer covert, and the injunction of the closing line is

quite to the point. Ben Jonson was just the man to perpetrate this punning subterfuge to escape praise of a mean piece of work like the etching. The resemblance the print has in its marked characteristics to the bust is in fact corroboratory of this view, otherwise there would have been no life to put out by lack of skill.

The second folio (1632) has another copy of verses, by whom we know not, likewise referring to the effigy, but in a simile not more flattering to the engraver than the other:

"Spectator, this life's shadow is: to see  
The truer image, and a livelier he,  
Turn reader."

Here is just the same evasion of the point at issue, and the shadow is turned from, as inadequate to convey an idea of the man. Now these are the only testimonials to the accuracy of that Droeshout print which is so confidently accepted, and which Flaxman preferred to follow in modeling his head of Shakespeare on the Kemble vase. We think we have shown the worthlessness of it.

Now for the Chandos picture. It has come down to us "an old friend with a new face;" so badly has it been patched by restorers in times past that there is no surety that its expression or even outline of feature is accurately preserved. As it is, the countenance is so Jewish\* that it has been supposed Shakespeare, when he sat for it, had made himself up for Shylock, it being thus opposed to the genuine English *bonhomie* of the bust. The cut of the face is different, so is the beard, but these may be a difference arising from different ages; but the upper lip could not have grown shorter in the interval between this and the bust, nor the nose longer, and there is a marked discrepancy in the two likenesses in this respect, as in the shape of the chin and cheeks, and relative measurement of the forehead. Dr. Waagen has sought to reconcile the two, but not successfully. It is very hard to believe that the two were representative of the same person. The chief evidence in its favor is its having belonged to one Taylor, a player, who might have known Shakespeare, and who left it by will to Sir William Davenant, as a likeness of him. Collateral proof there is none; and it is, for the reasons we have given before, by no means certain that Taylor could not have been deceived in its identity with a man who must have changed marvelously from the early manhood of the picture (if that represents him) to the maturity of the bust. Davenant could hardly himself have remembered Shakespeare as he looked at the time of the picture, since it was at that age the knight was foolish enough to like to insinuate that Warwickshire Will made his mother prove false to her wedding bonds.

Passing over, then, the numerous other and plainly unsupported claimants which Mr. Friswell describes, we sum up thus: The bust is presumably as fair a likeness as a clumsy hand could make, but wants direct proof of it. The etching is ridiculed for its lack of resemblance. The Chandos is by tradition only claimed a portrait. The preference, then, is for the bust; and we contend that any memorial of the poet, looking to preserve his likeness, must be based upon that, with a small chance at the same time of producing anything that Ann Hathaway, could she visit us, would recognize as her sweet Will.

## THEORIES OF THE IDEA OF BEAUTY.†

THE preface to this little volume, dated at London, states that these lectures were delivered at Munich, in the evening assemblages of a Society for Christian Art. The object of the course, as the title indicates, was to give the different definitions of the idea of beauty, as brought out in the different schools of philosophy and art, from the earlier classic times to the later German speculations. The author is already well known by a work of high critical merit upon Schiller, analyzing and describing the different stages of his intellectual career. These lectures were prepared to familiarize artists with the high ideal which should ever preside over their labors and creations. "The artist is not to seek the essence in the form and lose himself in the phenomenal; but he ought also ever to keep in mind that the idea is brought out in a more enlightened, living, and impressive way, when it is clothed in a fair form, true to nature." The work is well adapted to this end; it is simple and popular, while giving the results of thorough æsthetic studies; and it keeps with an even tread the middle way between an abstract idealism and a materialistic realism. It would very well bear being translated into English for the advantage of the friends of art. We now propose to make use of it for the purpose of exhibiting the various theories and definitions of the "Idea of the Beautiful."

The beautiful, in its popular usage, especially as applied to the works of nature and of art, signifies in general "that which is agreeable to the eye or the ear," since it is through these two senses that beauty is disclosed to us. But this is merely an external description, and not a proper definition or theory. It does not assign the ground or reason of the gratification; it does not state what it is in the objects which evokes the sentiment. There must also be some-

\* Life-Portraits of William Shakespeare: a history of the various representations of the Poet, with an examination into their authenticity. By J. Friswell. Illustrated with photographs of the most authentic portraits. London: Sampson Low, Son & Marston. 1864.

\* The reader must bear in mind we refer to the genuine picture, and not the common prints of it, idealized almost always more or less.

† Die Idee des Schönen in ihrer Entwicklung bei den Alten bis in unsere Tage. Vorträge an Künstler von Dr. A. Kuhn. Berlin, 1863.



thing in the mind, something immaterial or spiritual, which is waked up by the objects presented to the eye and the ear, and which leads us to say that these are beautiful. There are, then, two elements in beauty—it is something objective, and at the same time something spiritual. And in the combination of these two elements is the starting-point, the common ground, of all theoretic explanations of the beautiful.

Greece was the land of visible beauty. Its very worship was, in essence, a worship of the beautiful. Here the ideal and real were first blended in the majestic and graceful products of sculpture and architecture. And here, too—as theory always does on the heels of fact—we have the first attempts at a definition of the beautiful. The first Hellenic philosopher, Thales, is reported as saying: "That which is fairest is the Kosmos, for it is a work of God's art." God is the greatest of artists; all beauty has its last ground in God. Next, the Pythagoreans said that the beautiful was to be found in harmony; and in all harmony there is a union of opposites—it is the one in the many, the unity of antagonisms. Substituting for the word "harmony" the more technical term "symmetry," we have here an element which enters into all subsequent theories, and is applicable to all the forms of art, to music, poetry, and prose, as well as architecture and sculpture; for, proportion, the fitting relation of the parts to the whole, is essential to whatever is beautiful. Heraclitus taught the same lesson in a wider application, representing nature, the whole visible Kosmos, as made up of antagonisms, bound together in unity by the divine reason, which made the harmony of all. Works of art, too, he said, have their beauty in this agreement with the order and harmony of nature. Democritus of Abdera, the most inquisitive of the early Greek writers, left treatises on poetry, painting, perspective, rhythm, and harmony, of which only fragments survive. He advocated the position that the works of art are the products of genius inspired by a divine enthusiasm. These ancient theories thus present the elements afterward unfolded in the height of Grecian speculation, and applied to the different forms of art.

Socrates, who probed all words to the quick, was accustomed to ask his followers, "What is the beautiful in itself, in distinction from all its fleeting forms?" But Xenophon's report of his own answers does not throw much light on the question; the beautiful, he says, is that which excites love. To Socrates is also ascribed the rule, followed by Xeuxis in his Helena, that in a beautiful form should be combined the various perfections scattered through nature. Socrates is said to have been a sculptor; and he instructed Cliton to represent in his Athlete the passions or acts of the soul in the shape and posture of the body. Plato first comprised under one idea all the arts which we call beautiful, and so made it possible to frame a theory; and he gave some outlines of a philosophy of art, but not a special treatise. He also felt, as had no previous thinker, the difficulty of the problem, as is shown in his constant repetition of the phrase, "The beautiful is hard to define." His high idealism led him to undervalue those works of art that appealed chiefly to the senses, and from his imaginary republic he would have the artists banished.

The basis of this theory of art is to be found in Plato's theory of ideas, and his doctrine of the pre-existence of souls. Every soul, before its terrestrial birth, lived in the full vision of the ideas of truth, beauty, and goodness. These ideas are the essence of all created things. Wherever we see the beautiful, we recognize the reflex or imprint of these eternal ideas, and are thus reminded of the celestial original, and often transported beyond the clogs and fetters of this earthly state. Hence comes artistic inspiration, poetic enthusiasm, mounting at times to the very rapture of the soul. Others often think that there is in the artist a kind of frenzy, but this is necessary to all real genius. With such elevated views it is no wonder that the great idealist often spoke in disparagement of those works of art which are the products of a sensuous fancy, and tend to bind men more closely to earth. He calls such works "a fair seeming." For with him every great work must combine the three ideas of truth, beauty, and goodness. Beauty is the efflux of goodness, and the radiant image of truth itself.

Besides this general theory, we also find in the works of Plato more particular statements. He exhorts artists to cultivate the love of the beautiful and the harmonious and the proportionate, and to exercise their craft for moral and spiritual ends. He designates and defines the different degrees or stages of the idea of beauty, and of art as its product. The lowest is found in the position that "the beautiful is a useful gratification;" but the beautiful has also its end in itself. Nor is it enough to say that "the beautiful awakens love;" for this defines the effect, and not the nature, of beauty. "Beauty pleases through sight and hearing;" but these are only its organs and instruments. He comes then to the position that "the beautiful is found in measure and proportion;" while the ugly comprises "the misshapen tribe of disproportions." It is also "the perfect;" "nothing incomplete can ever be beautiful." Measure, proportion, perfection, are then, according to Plato, the three "notes" of the beautiful. He finds the same elements in the good and the true, and so supposes that there is a certain

identity between them: one is constantly passing over into the other: "men are wont to regard the beautiful as the good, though, in fact, in the beautiful they really love only the good." "Virtue is health and beauty, the well-being of the soul." "Truth is allied with proportion, not with disproportion."

As to the rule of proportion, Plato has only casual hints: "Two things alone cannot be in a relation of beauty with each other; there must be a third, which is the bond that holds them together. The fairest bond is that which brings itself and what is joined together, so far as possible, into a unity." "The middle must be related to the last, as the first to the middle; and as the last is related to the middle, so must the middle be related to the first. Thus we have the right proportion and perfect unity of all the members." And all that is beautiful, he adds, must have "form"—not a material and sensuous shape (for Plato says that there is no beauty in the merely corporeal), but that form which is seen by the reason, the form found in the world of ideas—the ideal image. So that beauty consists "in the perfection of form." It has different grades: there is corporeal beauty; there is the beauty of the soul, or purely spiritual beauty; there is a higher stage (the third) in the beauty of laws and sciences; there is also the absolute beauty of the divine ideas, incorporeal, unchangeable, eternal, the archetypes of all temporal and earthly beauty. All that is earthly is fair only as it participates in this absolute beauty of divinity itself. In this derivation of all earthly beauty from God is the heart of the Platonic theory, and its advance on the previous abstract speculations.

No one of the philosophers of classical antiquity has given a full theory of art. Plato attained the highest point of view, but was not able to perfect his scheme, because he had not the real conception of the relation of God to the world. He had, on the one hand, a vision of the world of divine ideas; on the other hand, there were the fair forms of nature (of which he says little) and the products of human invention. But the relation between these is but dimly discerned. There is a gulf between the ideas and the reality, and there is no bridge to span the chasm. In Aristotle we find, for the most part, only deductions and applications of the Platonic speculations, with an attempt at a more definite theory, of which, however, we have only fragments in his view of the nature of tragedy. His general philosophical theory was in many respects sharply contrasted with the Platonic. The latter begins with ideas; the former with processes. The stand-point of the one is the divine; of the other the natural. Plato cannot find in sense any reality; that which appeals to the senses cannot, on his scheme, be beautiful. Aristotle looks at life as it appears and is manifested in all its various processes; and so nature, in all the stages of its development, has for him a much higher sense and worth than it had for his great predecessor. But, on the other hand, he loses the energy and fullness of the ideal, and is absorbed in the contemplation of the concrete and the individual. Plato has, in fact, as his dialogues show, more of the organizing, shaping power of the real genius, working from within outward; Aristotle is more logical—more analytic, more critical. The theory of the former is that of the pure reason; that of the latter is in the limited forms and connections of the understanding. In Plato all that is beautiful is measured by its conformity to the ideal; in Aristotle each individual object has its own beauty, and is not to be estimated or tried by any ideal standard—he did not seek for a unity that should embrace all the diverse manifestations. In one passage of his Rhetoric he gives a definition of the beautiful: "It is that which, while it is good, at the same time pleases because it is good." But this is a definition only of moral beauty. The chief forms of beauty, he says, are order, proportion, and limitation. He employs the latter idea, that of the *limited*, as an ingredient of beauty, in a peculiar sense, as signifying the essence of any individual object, whereby it is made one thing, with its appropriate limits. So that the idea of unity is involved in it; for it is essential to every work of art that it should combine the manifold in one—it is the opposite of the disconnected and fragmentary. From this unity the two other principles, viz., those of order and symmetry, may be derived. For there can be no unity without order, or an arrangement of the parts among themselves. And as every individual thing must be an organic whole, subordinate to and serving some chief end, so, too, it must have symmetry, or the right proportion of its parts in relation to the whole. Aristotle also mentions one other element of the beautiful; that is, size, viz., that every beautiful object must neither be so large nor so small that it cannot produce one harmonious impression. Thus may all these different characteristics of the beautiful be derived from the one idea of unity in variety. These same elements were also enumerated by Plato, so that in Aristotle we have not properly any new theory of art, but a statement of the same principles under somewhat different aspects. He also omits one characteristic of the beautiful, which Plato often insists upon; that is, that it calls forth love. To the inquiry, "Why we love the fair?" he replied: "It is the question of a blind man;" thus intimating that the charm of beauty is spontaneously felt. But though he advanced no new theory, he applied his principles to the criticism of works of art in a much more

complete and thorough manner than Plato. Living at the time when Greek art had reached its culmination, he analyzed its greatest works, and subjected them to the principles of a searching criticism, for the instruction of all coming times. His intuitions were less vivid and elevated than those of Plato, but his principles of criticism and his mastery of facts were much more sure and instructive. His Poetics is, in fact, the most elaborate æsthetic work of classical antiquity; and yet this treatise is but a small part of what he accomplished in this sphere, but his other essays have not escaped the ravages of time.

The subsequent schools of classic antiquity give, for the most part, only repetitions of the Platonic and Aristotelian ideas. Of many works on the theory of art, and especially on the technical rules of the special arts, we have only the names. The Peripatetic school was most prolific in this literature. In the Stoic school, founded by Zeno, much attention was bestowed upon the criticism of works of genius; and here, too, the beautiful in nature was an object of study and wonder, although no theory of nature was fully developed. The Epicureans, addicted to materialism and sensualism, despised the arts and sciences. Epicurus wrote a work on music, to show its uselessness. The beautiful was defined by this school as the round and the smooth, and even music and painting were judged by this narrow and artificial standard. The best productions of æsthetic criticism were found among the Eclectics, who sought to combine in one view what was true in the various contending schemes of speculation, and who often manifested individuality and independence of judgment, as well as reverence for the maxims of former thinkers.

The most eminent name among these Eclectics is that of Cicero, the orator, the statesman, and the philosopher. His theory of beauty is essentially the Platonic. All noble and successful works of art, he says, are shaped by the artist after the ideal, which has life only in his own mind; they are not the product of any visible model, but of the majestic idea of beauty dwelling in the soul of true genius. Nothing, he elsewhere adds, is so fair that it is not surpassed by the idea after which it is fashioned, and which we cannot perceive by the eyes and ears, nor by any other sense, but only by the eye of reason. We can go beyond even the forms of a Phidias, and conceive more rare and perfect works, such as have never yet been realized. The artist must always find in the ideal his pattern and law. Cicero also distinguishes two kinds of beauty, viz., dignity and grace—the one manly, the other womanly. Schiller, in his well-known essay on this theme, develops the distinction more fully: grace, he says, is a mobile beauty; it comes and goes. The union of the two, as in the Niobe, and the Apollo Belvidere, and the Muse of the Barberini palace, is found in the consummate products of the highest art.

Another Eclectic, Plutarch, adds nothing to these general principles. In the third century before Christ, at Alexandria, there was formed a school of critics, famed for their industry and acuteness. Only fragments of the writings of Xenodotus, Aristophanes, and Aristarchus remain. Horace, in his Epistle to the Pisos, has left us the judgment of a poet upon the rules of his art, derived chiefly from the writings of Aristotle, though also containing the results of his own study and experience. It is not a systematic treatise, but rather a collection of general rules, intermingled with criticisms, many of which are still quoted as apt and pregnant.

One other nation remains to be named—the forerunner and prophet of that Christianity which introduced new and higher ideals into art, as it also reshaped the whole of human life. But the Jewish ideal was not founded in beauty, but in the law of God. Jehovah is the Omnipotent; all happiness comes from his sovereign will, and obedience to his supreme commands. The Hebrew poetry, says our author, is majestic and grand, not fair or soothing. Reverence, and not love, was the inspiring idea of their worship. To exclude polytheism, art must, in those rude times, also be discountenanced. The winged cherubim on the ark of the covenant, and a few figures of animals, were all the sculpture allowed. Artists were brought from Tyre to make the ornaments for the temple of Solomon. Philo and Origen relate that no painter or sculptor was allowed to dwell among the Jews, and that no pictures were endured. When the Roman legions carried through Judea their flags bearing the pictures of the emperor, the Jews protested against it as violation of their law and a sacrilege. Herod built a palace in Tiberias, adorned with figures of animals, and the Sanhedrim ordered it to be burned down. Exclusively devoted to religion, they were jealous of art.

While these representations of Dr. Kuhn are in the main correct, he yet fails to emphasize sufficiently the fact that the sense of majesty and sublimity was cultivated by the Jewish worship as by no other; and the majestic belongs to the æsthetic as much as does the beautiful. Subsequent artists, poets, painters, sculptors, musicians, have found some of their noblest ideas and inspirations among this unartistic people. The morally sublime, and, above all, the holy—as an inward and spiritual sentiment—prevailed among them as among no other nation of antiquity. And then, too, as even Humboldt confesses, they had such a sense of the beautiful and grand in nature as had no classic people. This was because they viewed the world as the



product of divine power and wisdom. Nature, throughout the psalms and prophets, is brought into the service of religion.

But both paganism and Judaism were to be brought together and united in a higher form of faith, producing new forms of art, and adding new elements to the theory of the beautiful. How this was effected remains to be seen, in following out, in another paper, the various theories as to the nature of the beautiful, formed under the influence of the Christian system. For Christianity, as it changed man's view of his relation to God, so it also changed his view of the nature and relations of the beautiful.

#### NATURAL HISTORY OF SECESSION.\*

THIS volume, of over three hundred pages, is filled with wilder vagaries and poorer English than any book of its size that we have read since the war began. Its object is to prove that the spirit of the North is democratic, while that of the South is despotic, between which spirits there exists an irrepressible conflict that can only be ended by the triumph of one and the annihilation of the other. It is the fashion nowadays to go back some thirty years for the origin of the plot which culminated in secession. Mr. Goodwin, however, goes back to the days of Nimrod, and trudges down the centuries to the time of Daniel, the Hebrew prophet, whose prophecy that "a little stone was to become a great mountain," he interprets as meaning that "monarchical government must become extinct at about the present age of the world." In a word, the author's idea may be stated thus: despotism and democracy have always been struggling with each other for the mastery, and until the settlement of the North American colonies the former was generally victorious; Providence designed this continent as the home of democracy, but little by little the Southern States gravitated toward despotism, and, as the Northern States adhered to their democratic ideas, the result was the present war. Mr. Goodwin first lays down his theory, and then adjusts facts to it—a system of reasoning that has been little practiced since the days of Bacon.

According to the theory advocated in the book, when the colonies were settled, and for some time after the Union was formed, there was more of real democracy at the South than at the North; but the institution of slavery (in process of time abolished in the Northern States) created a dominant class at the South in which was vested the political power of that section. "The poor whites," he says, "soon came to prefer poverty and idleness to industry and thrift," while the slaves were too closely guarded to get any chance to develop whatever latent spirit of freedom there might be in them. Moreover, the most prominent and effectual cause in preventing the spread of the spirit of freedom and democracy was "the direct influence of so large a proportion of half-barbarous Africans interspersed among them, in forming the character, principles, and habits of the members of the white community." Besides, the colored race imparted to the white the trait of African despotism, which, combined with the causes just specified, perfected "the separation of Southern society into the two monarchical grades of high and influential few, and low and uninfluential many; thus sealing and rendering perpetual a social state inimical to democracy." Having thus obtained a fair start, the author leads his readers through two hundred stupid pages, filled with little else than amplifications, ramifications, and repetitions of this idea, and concludes the chapter entitled "General Resume," with the following paragraph, not the least noticeable feature of which is its diction:

"The vituperous despotism, called into existence by the presence of that abject mass from Africa, had already taken into its ravenous maw, digested, and incorporated into itself the whole poor white population of the slaveholding states—had broken their bones, charmed or magnetized, and sllobbered over, ready to devour, a vast political party in the North—part of whom, like the poor whites in the South, prove to have been already digested and appropriated—and its gory fangs were already darted at the carotid artery of our nation's life, before serious alarm was taken, or any effort made in national self-defense."

To speak plainly, the book is ineffably stupid. Waiving any opinion of the theory promulgated in it, the author's mode of advocating it is illogical to the last degree; the style is woefully turgid, not even equal to that of a penny-aliner; and the slang epithets applied to leading members of both political parties smack of familiarity with the lowest orders of society. We would verify these assertions by citations of passages that we have marked, but respect for our readers forbids.

Having thus briefly stated our opinion of the book, we append the author's estimate of it, which he kindly sent us a few days since:

EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

DEAR SIR:—In a recent issue you acknowledge the receipt, among other books, of the "Natural History of Secession." A file of your journal has just fallen into my hands. From the ground you appear to occupy, so near to that I think myself to stand on in many important particulars, I infer that your notice or review of the book will be of more than ordinary influence either for or against it. I do not write to forestall your judgment, but to lay before you more perfectly some points that otherwise may not appear or may be at first overlooked.

\* The Natural History of Secession, or Despotism and Democracy at Necessary, Extreming War; by Thomas Shepard Goodwin, A.M. John Bradburn, New York.

A native of Massachusetts, I spent my youth in lower Maryland, then was graduated at Kenyon College, Ohio, after S. P. Chase and E. M. Stanton, and while the younger brothers of Generals McDowell and Rosecrans were still under-graduates. I then was graduated at the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary at the same place, and preached till failing health compelled me to resort to the medical profession for health and for a livelihood.

I wrote under an impulse that forbade me to forbear. I published because it would have been mean and unmanly to do otherwise. I have not courted patronage. I could not have devised or executed such a work had I been capable of such meanness. Others may write fiction, and read it. It is not my nature to do either, live, or die, at such a time as this. I dare to forego the attractions of that garb and stand by the result. I dared also to express some just Southern sentiments about some men and some things at the North; and to explain some things favorable and some that were unfavorable to Southern men, which things should have been explained by others tens of years ago—by the abolitionists, who had taken all these matters under their exclusive patronage.

If the gravest perils of modern times—of all time—perils to the existence of the United States Government—peril to the universal cause of civil liberty and modern civilization—peril to the hopes of oppressed millions abroad, and the threatened peril of perpetual annihilation to all property value and all permanent tranquillity at home—were not precipitated upon the voting population of the North. If there was not a perilous degree of feebleness and indecision manifested by the Administration during the first eighteen months of the war, and a pressing need for some one to analyze the national situation before the public mind, and to deduce a policy that promised final and effectual peace—then the author labored under a misapprehension and might have saved his paper.

If, however, there was no misapprehension, and, with a daring self-sacrifice, that author proceeded to the work of a pioneer in the field he occupied—if to a reliable maturing of his views he sacrificed the novelty that would have attached to them if published when written (the cause meanwhile progressing safely)—if there is still a powerful opposition to the needful policy, and danger that the partially convinced majority that now support it may yet be more or less subverted—if it is worthy of immense toil and sacrifice to place the policy essential to the preservation of our Government and of the cause of civil liberty upon intelligible bases, and to sustain that policy with convincing proofs of its necessity—then, with however imperfect judgment and ability this work has been written, yet, for its motive's sake and for the importance of the sphere it occupies, it ought to be rescued from the disgrace of the feeble commendations of newspaper editors, who lack the ability or the time to read and understand it.

The snarling censures of those who obviously feel themselves aggrieved by its developments are equivalent to so much praise.

Hoping that this may reach you in time to be of service, and desiring that otherwise you will return it with your suggestions, or pass it directly, and in my name, to some reviewer who will make use of it, believe me

Yours, sincerely,

T. S. GOODWIN.

SEOWIGAN, MAINE, March 6, 1864.

#### MACHINE POETRY.\*

IT is wonderful how much bad poetry authors and publishers give to the world in the course of a year. Notwithstanding the well-known fact that people will not buy such commodity, and that the mass of booksellers will not keep it upon their shelves, unnumbered scribblers persist in reducing their brains to this unmerchanted and nauseating pulp. Whether they put their mills in motion for profit, amusement, or fame, we cannot divine. It only seems a matter of wonder to us that if persons thus afflicted have any friends or relations, they should allow such lucubrations ever to reach the public. We do recall one instance where the friends of a would-be poet in Western Massachusetts took possession of the whole edition of a volume of stupid poems which he had been foolish enough to print, and consigned them to the flames. It were well could many other volumes meet as instantaneous and fitting a fate. But this is not the way of the world, and so we must ever encounter the rhapsodies and infirmities of profitless rhymsters.

The volumes before us are good specimens of such foolish attempts at poetical laceration. The "Wind Harp" is certainly one of the most economical draughts of inspiration that we have ever encountered. How any sane writer could thus prostitute a hand and head that might have been turned to some account in a useful trade, we are unable to conceive. And, farther, how any heart that has ever pulsed with a pure and elevated love could perpetrate such sublimations of dedicatory affection and gratitude, is still more difficult of comprehension.

The "Poems" of Mr. Peterson are not quite so bad, and perhaps are not so open to criticism, since their author wrote amid the cares of an exhausting business; but they will probably excite about the same interest and effect the same amount of good with the volume of the high-flown title.

The "Songs" of Kane O'Donnell are not so pretensions, but are, if anything, less interesting than the poems already referred to. They are, like a thousand and ten thousand other efforts in the same direction, full of unheard-of allusions, astounding metaphors, and declamatory sentences. But for the indentations and rhymes it would hardly suggest itself that the article in hand was poetry. And still men and women write such stuff, label it "poetry," and presume upon the patience of their fellow-men by putting it in the market. There seems to be no let up to the tide, and this class of scribblers only multiplies and increases. Every newspaper editor and publisher knows by experience what a mass of such matter is ground out, and offered for publication. But little of it ever sees the light, fortunately. Literature would be the gainer if the field of rhythmical scribblers should be still farther circumscribed.

\* The Wind Harp, and other poems, by Ellen Clementine Howarth; Willis P. Hazard, Philadelphia. Poems by Henry Peterson; J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. Songs by Kane O'Donnell; King & Baird, Philadelphia.

#### A R T.

##### AMERICAN ART IN BERLIN.

A BERLIN paper, the *Dioskuren*, offers its readers two articles on art and artists in America. A friend kindly enables us to present a translation of the concluding paper, which contains some very interesting remarks on our leading men:

"Kensett and Gifford are names of growing reputation. The first is tender in his touch almost to weakness, exact in drawing, and of the greatest refinement in composition; aiming for light, avoiding darkness, his works are full of loveliness and refined sentiment. He is the lyricist of the American landscape painters. Gifford has a more serious style. His touch is clear, pure, and elegant, though his forms are suggested rather than realized, and not unlike the methods of the old Florentine masters of the school of Ghirlandajo. He renders broadly and with a fine feeling for nature; but at times he is peculiar in his color, which is frequently of a yellow hue like brimstone. Colman, excepting his untrue tints, resembles Gifford, especially in his drawing and composition. Turner never painted a picture with such exhilarating atmosphere, such fresh water, such perspective, and which surpasses the nature and truth of the Mediterranean as we see it in Mr. Colman's 'Gibraltar.' Mr. Colman's rendering of smoke would enchant Ruskin. Innes shows some of the qualities of a great landscape painter; but his execution results in wooliness and something akin to the texture of gutta serena; and his tints are the same for every subject. His works are imbued with human feeling, and his temperament is dominant in all his creations. They are, in a German sense, subjective, and in this respect he stands alone in the American school. His style is formed on that of Rousseau, but it is characterized by a refinement, freshness, and variety of result which makes it an individual expression of an active soul. Yet Mr. Innes often leaves his spectators in some doubt about his real aim. The beholder is uncertain whether he is a great master or a bankrupt in art. Many other names might be cited, but we have given enough to express something of American landscape art. We must add a word about colorists. Innes takes the first rank in this respect. His tones are deep and solemn, and yet warmed with a golden life. . . . His drawing is in many respects sacrificed to charm the eye with uncertain and accidental effects."

Hunt, La Farge, Vedder, Babcock, and Dana are also spoken of in complimentary terms. We have no space for more extended quotations, but must call attention to some very interesting facts which we extract from a recent letter written by an American gentleman traveling in Europe:

##### FRENCH ART INTELLIGENCE.

"FRERE.—There are few characters amongst the artists of France in whom I have taken a greater interest than Frere. No man ever looked and acted more like his works. He is about forty-five, appears thirty-five, and evinces in all of his movements and doings, sound of his voice, and general characteristics, the simplicity of a child. He is without an impulse, wish, or desire beyond the production of his little works. He does nothing but paint, paint, paint, from the first day of January to the last of December. If he leaves his studio as a matter of recreation or change for two hours, two days, or two weeks, it is to paint elsewhere more than he can do in the same time in his studio. If during the summer months he goes to the sea-side or to the mountains for relaxation, he has never been known to return with less than a fourth to one-half more evidences of his assiduity than if he had remained at home. In short, if he wants relaxation he paints, if he wants change he paints, if he wants repose he paints, if he wants excitement he paints. He never renders the figure or an object of any kind unless he sees it at the time he paints it. Addressing himself to me a few days ago in his studio he asked me if I could make any suggestions about a picture on his easel, when I replied the left-hand corner I thought would be improved by some small object. In a few moments he excused himself, and, returning, said he had found a little basket in a house in the village, and while holding it up in his hand every one smiled. 'Ah,' said he, 'the artists here and every one laughs at me because I paint nothing unless I see it.' 'Once,' he said, 'I painted something which I did not see—it was several years ago—but, bless you, it was easily to be seen I did it out of my head!' In a few minutes he reproduced the little basket in the picture, and all agreed it was improved."

"Up to about ten years ago his little works, now worth from two thousand to four thousand francs, procured for him two to three hundred francs each—a very uncertain living. About this time he painted the three little 'Brittany Boys at Prayer,' now in America, I believe (collection of R. L. Stuart.—Ed.). It was not an elaborate work, but the artists thought it very fine in feeling and very artistic in execution. Veysseyre was so pleased with it he engraved it as a labor of love. The dealer, who had purchased it for a trifling price, after keeping it very publicly exposed for a year, sold it at cost, losing the interest of his money and price of the frame. But the following year, in the exhibition of 1854, I think, he exposed a simple little picture—a young girl of about thirteen years, standing on a chair and reaching toward (with an expression of religious simplicity) a crucifix, round which she was fixing a rosary. A few days after the opening of the exhibition, it was remarked by some one that the picture was not bad. Next day some one else discovered it was good. In a few days more, many persons pronounced it charming, and then for the first time it was asked who is Frere? and, presto! his fortune was made. (By the way, he told me this very day it was two hundred francs he was paid for it. Now it would bring twenty-five hundred readily.) The dealer was applied to ten times in one day for the three little 'Brittany Boys,' now worth three times its cost; but alas for him, he had sold it five days before. In 1855, on presenting himself on the day of the opening of the exhibition for admission, he was told at the door he was decorated! 'Why' (throwing up his hands in childish astonishment), he said, 'can it be possible? Oh! I must go at once before I enter, and tell my wife.' So he turned immediately round, and went to the village where he lives, post haste, to tell his wife. At present he enjoys an income of more than sixty thousand francs from his investments and profession, has a kind word for everybody and everything, and no young artist ever applies to him for advice and counsel without receiving it with sincerity and cheerfulness."

"You know, I presume, that he is a pupil of that truly great man Delacroix, and no one has the claim to call himself the 'pupil of Frere,' except it be Miss Bourgeois, that is, beyond the advice and suggestions he gives to every one who applies. Frere has the highest appreciation of the talent of Thom, of your city, and he always brings to the great artist his works for inspection and criticism. I have given you these few facts in regard to an artist who, in placing upon canvas the 'spirit of little children,' especially in my humble opinion, has had no equal, and such, I believe, is the judgment of Ruskin."

"When you come to France you will be interested, I know, to look over two or three books of considerable size at the studio of Frere, in which you will find quite careful sketches by himself of every picture which he has painted."



"You will shortly see, in your city, two of Frere's finest things, done five years ago in his best manner—'The Frugal Mother' sitting beside the cradle of her sleeping child (most exquisite in feeling and color), and the 'Toilette,' which represents a little boy sitting down before the fire, having just left his bed, putting on his stockings.

"From information I have obtained recently, I am convinced that you have many pictures in America professing to be by Verboeckhoven which are spurious. I caused, recently, a very rigid examination in regard to five of these pictures (original and copies) found here (Paris) in respectable hands, and all having been sent, sooner or later, from the city of the artist. Three of the five were proven to be copies; and such is the perfection with which this business is conducted in Brussels and Antwerp, that the most curious part of it is many of the copies are quite as good as the originals in the quality of execution or mere mechanical dexterity, and this seems to be the taking requisite with your amateurs to the exclusion of higher artistic wants. Your country presents the largest field for profit by this fraud. Many of the small works of this artist are used to produce much larger things from, in which case the fraud is more easily detected. For many years the artist has placed upon the back of his genuine works a certificate in his own hand, and over his seal, attesting the genuineness and making some reference to the work. This, as a matter of course, can also be forged, but I have not seen it done.

"Knauss has raised the price of his pictures of the size of the 'Christening,' and 'Golden Wedding,' to 30,000 francs. Do you know that the 'Christening,' which was in Geupil's New York exhibition in 1860, has been recently sold for 35,000 francs? It would require \$14,000 in greenbacks to pay for this. By the way, I have recently seen a very fine picture here by Auker, called often the 'French Knauss,' and it is very fine in character and color. 'The Knitting School' it is called, and is held at a very high price.

"Chavot, having lost 100,000 francs in an enterprise in which he engaged, has returned to his art, and this day I saw the first little picture painted by him.

GEROME.—"I have seen Gerome's new work just finished—a woman dancing in an Eastern café. It is wonderfully fine; in color and elaboration he has perhaps never done anything so good. Of the half-dozen who want it at 30,000 francs he has not yet made his selection. It contains about eight or ten figures, and is less than two and a half feet. He has just begun a larger canvas of what I think is destined to be his grandest subject, 'The Christian Martyrs' about to be devoured by wild animals in the interior of the Coliseum at Rome; the question, I presume, will be who shall have it for 60,000 francs.

"It is just twenty days now until the time is closed for receiving pictures for the annual exhibition, which opens May 1, so that you perceive forty days are reserved to pass judgment on the works presented, though this year those not approved as presenting sufficient merit are also to be exhibited in an adjoining room—provided the artist does not, after notice, withdraw his offerings. This year, also, the artists select from their own number (one or two I believe) of the judges of each department of art; the exhibition to remain open for six weeks, and no artist to send more than two pictures.

"Two of the greatest French landscape artists, and the closest students of nature, are Daubigny and Corot, and they have got all the honors to be obtained here, besides the universal recognition and indorsement as great artists—this you know is a position which such a man as Lambinet never can reach. The avidity with which the works of these two artists are picked up, and the high prices they obtain, preclude their going to America, and so you have seldom or never been able to study their productions.

"I have just seen a picture fresh from the easel of Meissonier, four or five figures, 40,000 francs—a ridiculous price, of course, but the nobility and other persons of fabulous wealth here are his purchasers."

PICTURE SALE IN LONDON.—At a recent picture sale in London the prices and sizes are given in the journals, and they surpass all New York ideas of liberality; for instance: "Rebecca," by Dobson, 9x12½, 204 gs.; "Sheep," Rosa Bonheur, 10x13, 280 gs.; "Bay of Baia," Stanfield, 15x21, 240 gs.; "Rustic Courtship," landscape and figures, Hook, 20x29, 385 gs.; "Landscape," Linnell, 9x14, 220 gs.; "The Hay-Field," D. Cox, 13x21, 238 gs.; and a picture by E. Frere, 10x16, of a single figure, and said to be not one of his best, 195 gs. Here it is considered extravagant if the best of our landscape artists receive one hundred or one hundred and fifty dollars for a canvas 9x14. But the time will come when the "merchant princes" of the day will compete for the possession of specimens of our Linnells, Coxes, Hooks, and Stanfields—Kensett, Gifford, Church, McEntee—and Eastman Johnson—can he be denied position equal to Frere?

REMARKABLE EXHIBITION.—There will be an exhibition of fine paintings by distinguished artists of the French and German schools early in April. We hear of works by the established favorites, Edouard Frere, Knauss (the greatest living genre painter), Willems, Duverger, Troyon, Merle, Koekoek, Guilleman, Verboeckhoven, Compté Calix, Hubner, Lanfant de Metz, Castan, Patrois, and other names not so well known to our art lovers, will be represented. We shall have an important work by Auker, also by Jalabert, the favorite pupil of Delaroche, by Brillouin, the Meissonier of humorous art, Tassart, Lobodier, Dansaert, Bornschlegel, Felon, and others. The landscapes will be an especial feature of the exhibition, offering an opportunity of comparison with our own school, which has never been presented before. The exhibitions of Gambart were always deficient in the department of landscape. We shall have works by Corot, Daubigny, Rozier, Auteroche, Chaigneau, Lepoitevin, and Veyrasset.

#### ENGLISH ART INTELLIGENCE.

LEIGHTON.—"Among the proposed contributions to the Royal Academy Exhibition are four pictures by Mr. Leighton. These comprise, 1. 'Dante at Verona,' a large work with figures somewhat less than life-size. This illustrates the verses in the Paradise:

"Thou shalt prove  
How salt the sorrow is of other's bread;  
How hard the passage, to descend and climb  
By others' stairs. But that shall gail the most,  
Will be the worthless and vile company  
With whom thou must be thrown into the straits,  
For all ungrateful, impious all, and mad  
Shall turn against thee."

Dante, in fulfillment of this prophecy, is seen descending the palace stairs of the Can Grande, at Verona, during his exile. He is dressed in sober gray and drab clothes, and contrasts strongly in his ascetic and suffering aspect with the gay revelers about him. The people are preparing for a festival, are splendidly and fantastically robed, some bringing wreaths of flowers. Bowing with mock reverence, a jester gibes at Dante. An indolent sentinel is seated at the porch, and looks on unconcerned, his spear lying across his breast. A young man, probably acquainted with the writings of Dante, sympathizes with him. In the center, and just before the feet of Dante, is a beautiful child, brilliantly dressed, and crowned with flowers, and dragging along the floor a garland of bay leaves and flowers, while looking earnestly and innocently at the care-worn face of the poet. Next come a pair of lovers, the lady looking at Dante with attention, the man heed-

less. The last wears a vest embroidered with eyes like those of a peacock's tail. A priest and a noble descend the stairs behind, jeering at Dante. Other figures fill up the composition. 2. 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' the latter entreating Orpheus to look at her, contrary to his vow, whereby she was to be redeemed from hell. The figures about life-size to the knees. 3. 'The Painter's Home-coming,' an artist teaching his wife to draw. 4. A Venetian musical sketch.—*The Athenæum*.

Mr. L. R. MIGNON, the American painter, exhibits at the British Institution. His picture, "Twilight in the Tropics," is favorably mentioned by the critic of the *Athenæum*, who writes that it is cleverly painted. "See the tall shafted palms that stand against the sky; how gracefully they are grouped upon the promontory that breaks the stream. The sky is good, its reflections in the smooth water is admirably painted." Like much that is English, the critical notices of the pictures in British institutions are very patronizing or insolent in tone.

#### PHILADELPHIA ART NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, March, 1864.

It is now nearly twenty years since the Artists' Fund Society demolished its hall on Chestnut street, and merged its annual exhibitions into those of the Academy, since which time it has remained in a quiescent state, manifesting its existence by occasional acts of beneficence to indigent members, and by the annual election of the same board of officers, almost unheard of outside the profession. Lately, however, a new life seems to have been infused into its members, and their reunions of the past season have made no little impression upon lovers of art, and have done much to augment and strengthen the growing interest in art-culture in our midst. Upon each evening the galleries of the Academy have been filled by a brilliant assembly, who found unalloyed pleasure in the numerous choice works of our artists which were displayed upon the walls, as well as in the sweet music furnished by the orchestra in the northeast gallery.

Among the pictures at the last reception were many which deserve more than a passing notice. The first that struck me on entering was Mr. Edmund Lewis's last large work, "The Gates of the Susquehanna;" the broad waters of the beautiful river expanding into the bay, which stretches away to the horizon, while bright sunny clouds illumine the sky, and are reflected from the peaceful water and in the mists arising from its surface. This picture, which is certainly one of Mr. Lewis's finest works, is now on exhibition at Earle's galleries, as are also two pictures of very different character, which are attracting considerable attention—Frith's "Derby Day" and Schussel's "Men of Progress."

Another picture which I must not pass over was a lovely meadow landscape by Wilcox, reminding one of Gifford in its charming color and sunny atmosphere. Mr. Wilcox is comparatively a new artist, but his charming works must soon make his name well and widely known. Mr. W. T. Richards sent his latest work, a "View in the Adirondacks," in which breadth of effect is so combined with exquisite detail as to excel, in my opinion, all Mr. Richards's former productions, suggesting to me the happiest passages of Turner.

Near the last mentioned work hung Lambdin's "Autumn." The picture, I understand, has been sent to New York, where your readers may see and criticize for themselves. I can only now revert to the impression it made upon me, so full as it is of the spirit of sunny October. It represents a lady and child in a grape arbor, hung with rich clusters of the fruit, one of which, a bunch of luscious Catawbas, the lady has just plucked, and holds in her hand, while she raises her sweet face toward you. Before her, coming toward the spectator, is a little girl in scarlet; Mr. Lambdin's children are always charming, and this one is no exception to the rule. A little glimpse of landscape seen through the arbor, carries out the general effect of the picture, which is most wonderfully brilliant and golden. Mr. Lambdin has lately returned from a visit to the Army of the Potomac, bringing with him several interesting studies of camp life.

Among the other pictures at the last reception were many which should not be passed over: a beautiful autumn landscape by T. Moran, Rothermel's Paul before Felix, a pair of genre pictures by T. Henry Smith, and several others upon which my space will not allow me to speak.

The absorbing thought at present is of course the Central Fair for the Sanitary Commission, to be held in this city in June. Mr. Joseph Harrison is chairman of the Fine Arts Committee, but I have not heard by whom he is to be supported, or what programme has been laid down. Our artists have already testified their devotion to the cause by contributions to various fairs throughout the country, and particularly in the Album contributed to your Metropolitan Fair. I have not seen this collection, but I know that the lady whose liberality suggested and carried out the idea has spared no pains to make it a worthy offering of Philadelphia art. Most of our prominent artists are represented by drawings or sketches to the number, I believe, of about thirty, and the whole is incased in Pawson & Nicholson's most luxurious binding.

The galleries of the Academy of Fine Arts are repainting in anticipation of the spring exhibition, for which the easels of our artists already show preparations. If the directors could only be induced to cover up, or shut apart by themselves, some of the grim old pictures which render the north gallery a gloomy place even to the most devoted lover of the art of by-gone days, that we might enjoy the new without the chilling presence of the old, a more delightful resort could not be desired than the Academy rooms during the annual exhibition.

#### CHICAGO ART NOTES.

CHICAGO, March, 1864.

This young city, while it can have no claim to rival older communities in art, may yet, by its unquestioned taste and liberality, claim the friendly thought and estimation of all who wish well to the future of American art. The first and only public exhibition of importance in this city was made in 1859, revealing, unexpectedly, an amount of art-treasures in its private collections worthy of the notice they then received. In connection with the Sanitary Fair of December last was improvised a second exhibition, which, though limited, proved that four years had added new and valuable acquisitions, both in sculpture and painting.

Unhappily, however, Chicago is no paradise of artists, who find so many rival claimants of public favor in that bustling and progressive metropolis. And yet this may in part be owing to the fact that art is yet unorganized there; like a modest new-comer and adventurer, it stands quietly apart, biding its time, and contentedly accepting its fate. The day, it is hoped, is not distant when the fullness of its time shall come.

A slight test of the art-taste and promise of Chicago has just been had, in the recent sale of some two hundred or more paint-

ings by artists of New York and Boston, offered under the auspices of Williams & Everett of the latter city. Unfortunately, the collection, while really superior to any before presented for sale there, and containing several productions of merit, was yet much short of the really advanced taste of the people. A few paintings of Sonntag and Bierstadt brought prices ranging from \$270 to over \$600—generally in advance of the prices at which they were held by the artists themselves.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

##### AMERICAN.

THE passion for collecting books, which, exercised within proper limits, is a laudable one, often runs into the most whimsical excesses, and shows itself in the last persons in the world in whom we would expect to find it. The singularity of this disease, and the unaccountable freaks to which it leads, justify the name which was bestowed upon it by one who was skilled in its treatment, and who did all that lay in his power to aggravate its symptoms—Bibliomania. That a man of culture, with leisure on his hands, should possess himself of a good library, is the most natural thing in the world; that the members of the different professions—the Church, the Bar, the Stage, etc.—should collect books for the purpose of pursuing their special studies, is also natural. The workman must have his tools in literature as well as in the mechanical arts. We can understand the desire of these, and of the gentleman of leisure, to collect great libraries, and can forgive them if they occasionally do foolish things, or what may seem such to those who are not interested in their particular pursuits. But what we cannot understand, and, in some sense, forgive, is the mania for rare books which frequently seizes the unlettered. That these books are in foreign languages, with which, as a matter of course, they are unacquainted—in Latin, Greek, or even in Hebrew and Sanscrit—does not so much deter them from their acquisition, as strengthen their determination to obtain them. The more useless the book, to them, the greater their passion to get it. The wealth of these people, for no man can be a bibliomaniac without wealth, enables them to "bull" the book-market to any extent—a privilege of which they are not slow to avail themselves, as many a genuine book-lover knows to his sorrow and cost. Nothing can complete with them, once their passion or their vanity is roused, but a longer purse than their own. The exorbitant prices which they are willing to pay, and which some of them glory in paying, drive the less wealthy and more intelligent buyer from the field, and give them a monopoly of rare books. The seller is benefited by this, which is all that concerns him in the matter, but it is doubtful if any one else is. The buyer himself is not, for nine times out of ten he never once looks at his purchase after he has paid for it and put it carefully away on his shelves; and certainly the would-be buyer—the man with an object in view which the book would help him to accomplish—the student, the specialist, "the man of the book"—is not benefited by it, but damaged in many ways. He may obtain a sight, and possibly a perusal, of the volume that he has lost; but the chances are not in favor of his doing either, particularly in this country, which abounds in bogus-bibliomaniacs, who only buy rare and unique books, or what they believe to be such, out of vanity and ostentation, and who keep those who are interested in them as ignorant of their contents, or try to, as they are themselves. There are exceptions to the rule, of course, but these are rare. We have heard of a gentleman who has a large collection of prayer-books, say—which are so precious in his eyes that he never permits the eyes of others to behold them! Of another who has a collection of Old English Poetry, of which he has never read a line. If Lowndes (a great authority with him) says that a volume of versified trash brought £3 13s. 6d. at the White Knights' sale, it is a good reason why he should buy it for twice that sum! Heber's copy of something sold for six guineas, therefore he will give twelve, which will make him twice as princely as Heber! The auctioneer knows those gentlemen, and baits his hooks with quotations of prices at famous sales—with what the *Bib. Ang. Poet.* says, or Brunet, if the work be a foreign one—*très rare, or rarissima*—and the gudgeons swallow them whole. And this is bibliomania in America!

The text which gave rise to this little sermon on the follies of book-buying, and which the sermon itself has led us for a moment to forget, is a sale which will shortly take place in this city—the sale of the collection of the late Mr. John Allan. Mr. Allan was a pleasant old Scotch gentleman who had lived in this country for the last sixty or more years, most of the time, we believe, in New York, and who, in his way, was a sort of bibliomaniac. We use the word in its mildest sense, and with no disrespect for Mr. Allan's memory. He had a genuine taste, not to say passion, for works of a certain character; he made no parade of his hobby, but rode it quietly, as a gentleman should; was ready to show his stores to those who were interested in them; in short, he was a favorable specimen of his class. His collection, as we have said, is to be sold, and catalogues of it will soon be ready—one hundred copies on large paper, and an indefinite number on small. There will be about three thousand "lots" in the catalogue, which glances over a good deal of bibliomaniacal ground, but occupies none, unless the rather small department of "Illustration," which appears to have been Mr. Allan's chief hobby, and is the one in which he most shone as a collector. The most unique volumes in his collection are those which have undergone the process of "Illustration." The works of Robert Burns, for instance, for whom Mr. Allan, as a Scotchman, had a natural and pardonable pride, are well represented, in the best editions, filling, with a few volumes which illustrate them in a literary, biographic, and national point of view, some three pages of the catalogue. One copy of Burns, in five volumes, is illustrated with eighty-nine portraits, plates, etc.; another with a less number. The rarity of the Burnsiana, however, is a copy of the Kilmarnock edition (1786), which will probably fetch a high price. Burnet's "History of His Own Time," bound in four volumes, is illustrated with 326 portraits. Of Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," there are three illustrated copies: one, inlaid in quarto, contains 145 portraits, etc., and 44 autographs; a second, 70 illustrations; and a third, 110 illustrations. The works of the Rev. Thomas Frognell Dibden, the Sir Forcible Feeble of book-madness, figure largely, led off by a magnificent copy of his "Bibliomania," which formerly belonged to the late Mr. William Turner, of Islington, England, by whom it was illustrated to the extent of 211 portraits, views, etc., and at whose sale it realized sixty guineas. Mr. Allan added 86 illustrations, bringing the whole number to 297. Hogg's "Queen's



Wako" is illustrated with 60 portraits, etc., and an autograph of the poet; and Huish's "Life of George III.," a work of no special character as a biography, with 121 portraits. "Shakespeare" Ireland is honored by the illustration of two copies of his "Chalographmania," one with 107 plates, another with 61, and with two copies of his "Scribblemania," one containing 127 plates, and the other 50 plates. A copy of Irving's "History of New York," extended to folio, contains 275 illustrations, and another copy 107 illustrations. The unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, "lives, moves, and has her being" in 236 plates, many of them portraits. Mathias's "Pursuits of Literature," and its victims, have 77 portraits devoted to them; "The Love-Letters of Mrs. Piozzi and the actor Conway," 34 portraits, besides several autographs of the parties themselves; while a volume of European tourings, by Mr. G. P. Putnam, whose motto at one time appears to have been "Every publisher his own traveler," is the subject of 145 illustrations, most of which, we believe, are views of European cities and scenery. The feature of the collection, however, in point of rarity and worthlessness, is a copy of John Eliot's Indian Bible, which is supposed to have belonged to Sir William Ashurst, Knight, Lord Mayor of London in 1693, and a devoted friend of Christianity in America. Considering that it is one of twenty copies which were printed for that most religious monarch, Charles II., that only one other copy was ever offered for sale at auction here, and, more than all, that the language or jargon in which it is translated is now extinct, no living human being able to read or speak it, the dingy old volume will bring an enormous sum.

For the remainder of Mr. Allan's collection—it contains a few volumes of Old English Poetry, in the original editions, and a small number of reprints, not remarkably rare; a few specimens of old printing, black-letter and otherwise; and a tolerable gathering of the old illustrated volumes called "Emblems"—the picture-books of our ancestors two or three centuries ago. The rest is not noticeable, consisting for the most part of works which there is no difficulty in procuring at any time—readable literature, of which your true bibliomaniac has a wholesome horror.

We shall probably have something more to say of this collection when it is sold, to the extent, at least, of noting some of the prices which its curiosities may bring.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will shortly publish, "Illustrations of Universal Progress: A Series of Discussions," by Herbert Spencer. They announce two other works by Mr. Spencer, "A New System of Philosophy," and "Essays, Moral, Political, and Aesthetic." They have also in the press, "Alexander Hamilton and his Contemporaries," by C. J. Keithmuller; "Johnson's Dictionary," by Dr. R. G. Latham; "A Century of Anecdotes, from 1750 to 1850," by John Timbs; and "The Young Housewife's Daily Assistant."

Mr. G. P. Putnam has in progress a new edition of the works of Washington Irving. It will be called "The Knickerbocker Edition," probably from the first volume of the series, the famous and facetious old Dutchman's history of New York, and will be of a smaller size than any edition of Irving's works yet published by Mr. Putnam, resembling Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.'s cabinet edition of favorite English poets. The binding will be a dark blue cloth.

Hurd & Houghton have in press an elegant library edition of the "Old English Divines," in crown 8vo volumes (uniform with the Riverside books), comprising the complete works of Leighton, South, Hooker, Taylor, etc. Also "The Art Idea," by James Jackson Jarves, author of "Art Studies," in one volume 16mo, elegantly printed at the "Riverside Press."

Mr. George W. Carleton contemplates publishing the posthumous works of Lieutenant Derby, better known, perhaps, as "Squibb." They will be profusely illustrated with drawings from pen-and-ink sketches by the author. He also announces "Wylder's Hand," a novel, by Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu; "The Queen of the Footlights," a translation from the French, of which we spoke two or three weeks since; and "The Editor Boy; or, Life in a Printing Office."

Messrs. Harper Brothers announce Lord Oakburn's Daughters, by Mrs. Henry Wood; Trevlin Hold, by Mrs. Wood; Barbara's History; Wylder's Hand; Won Over, by The Countess and the Jesuit, by Mrs. Bushby; Strathmore, or Wrought by his own Hand; The Quest; Broken to Harness, by Edmund Yates; Lindisfarne Chase, by T. A. Trollope; Mesalliance, from the German of Johan Ludwig Herberg, by Mrs. Bushby; Lever's Luttrell of Arran; The Perpetual Curate; Tony Butler; Cousin Phillis; Margaret Denzil's History; Linnet's Trial; Ramage's Beautiful Thoughts from Latin Authors; Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare; Ancient Rome, by Thomas H. Dyer; Bella Donna; Maurice Dering, or the Quadrilateral, by the Author of "Guy Livingstone"; Eastwick's Persia; and Sandwith's Hekim Bashi.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co. will issue, during the coming season, the theological works of the late Rev. Dr. Bethune, and a new translation of Neander's "Planting and Training of the Christian Church," by the Rev. E. G. Robinson, D.D., of the Rochester Theological Seminary. They state that the former work, which will be in two octavo volumes, will represent Dr. Bethune at his best, the papers contained therein having been repeatedly rewritten and revised until they at last satisfied his taste, which was known to be a critical and fastidious one.

The old Knickerbocker Magazine, which has been steadily waning under the charge of Mr. Kinahan Cornwallis, has just passed into the hands of Prof. J. Holmes Agnew. It is understood, however, that the real owners of the periodical are a prominent democratic lawyer and a distinguished *avant*, both residents of this city. We shall refer to the magazine again.

Mr. Alden J. Spooner has in press a new History of Long Island, and he requests all who are interested in the subject to send him such documents or information as will aid him in making his work complete. He particularly desires accuracy of dates in matters of early discovery, of important events, of the establishment of churches, or settlement of ministers. Mr. Spooner's address is 371 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Dr. Henry R. Stiles, Librarian of the Long Island Historical Society, has in press a "History of Brooklyn." Lee & Shepard, of Boston, will soon publish a book by Mrs. D. G. Croly, of this city, the title of which, we understand, will be "Talk about Women's Topics." The book is mainly a collection of papers which have appeared from time to time in a New York weekly journal, over the writer's *nom de plume* of "Jennie June."

Messrs. Roberts & Brothers announce a volume of Thackerayana, a collection of the fugitive Thackeray literature, and "The U. S. Boy, and how he became Lieutenant-General."

Mr. Loring has nearly ready a new novel by the author of "Twice Lost," entitled "Linnet's Trial."

Messrs. Lee & Shepard will shortly publish a new juvenile by "Oliver Optic." Its subject may be inferred from its title, "The Soldier Boy; or, Tom Somers in the Army."

Messrs. Graves & Young have in the press "Out of Prison," by a popular New England author, and "The Poor White, or the Rebel Conscript," by the author of "Ruth's Sacrifice."

Messrs. Walker, Wise & Co. announce "Philosophy as Absolute Science," by Ephraim L. Frothingham; "The Hour which Cometh and Now Is," by James Freeman Clarke; "Life of Conant," by the Rev. Robert Collyer; "The Freedman," by E. L. Price; and "The Ferry Boy and the Financier."

Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have nearly ready "Golden Words, being Selections from English Divines."

Hon. George S. Hillard is writing a life of General George B. McClellan, to be published by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, and Messrs. Derby & Miller, of this city.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields will shortly publish "Poems," by Frederick Goddard Tuckerman, and "Azarian, an Episode," by Harriet E. Prescott.

The publication of Mr. Hawthorne's new romance, which was to have been commenced in the present volume of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is postponed on account of his health, which has not allowed him to complete it.

"Ik Marvel" is at work on a new book, to be published some time this spring or early in the summer.

Mr. J. E. Cooley, of this city, commenced, on the 23d instant, the sale of a valuable collection of books, not so much noticeable for extreme rarity as for their general excellence in the various departments of literature embraced therein, and their choice condition as regards binding and other desirable external of a good library. The most unique volumes in the collection are the great works of Audubon on the "Birds and Quadrupeds of America," Gifford's "Caricatures," the "Musée Français and Musée Royal," "American State Papers—Annals and Debates" and a number of scientific works not usually offered at auction. They are fetching very good prices, we believe.

## BOSTON.

BOSTON, March, 1864.

FIFTY years ago Sydney Smith was complaining of the immense number of books of travel published in England, and that their general worthlessness was as remarkable as their variety. Not longer than twenty-one years ago, Prescott, in one of his yearly contributions to the *North American*, was contrasting the very small number of this kind of book produced among us, saying, that our American proclivity to locomotion was generally in the way of business, and the result was rarely shown in a book, unless it be, indeed, the ledger. But within these one-and-twenty years the change has certainly been very great. I think that now the number of books of travels, in their various shapes, can only fall short of the issues of fiction in our American market.

Two or three recent books with us, such as Mr. Clark's "Daleth," the reissue of Mr. Calvert's "Scenes and Thoughts in Europe," and the sheets I have now before me of a coming publication with Little, Brown & Co.'s imprint, "European Mosaic," suggest some examination of the varied phases that this recording of traveling experiences takes. We have certainly established a name among Europeans for ubiquitousness, and there is hardly a nook of the globe that an American does not penetrate; and he has no such fellow in this restlessness like the Englishman. One of the most marked instances of this wandering pertinacity is that of Mr. Pliny Miles, who is well known here in Boston as a newspaper correspondent under the pseudonym of "Communipaw," and known more widely because of his exertions in behalf of ocean penny postage. If I remember correctly, he made a statement a few years since that, during many long years of vagabondizing all over the earth, above it in balloons, and beneath it in mines, he had never spent more than a week in a place at a time. And we have hundreds of just such spirits, not many, possibly, so fitful constantly, but who are carrying the American name everywhere, boiling eggs in the hot springs of Iceland, or hunting lions in South Africa, doing whatever man dare do, and who does more is none; and the proportion of them that return to record their impressions in a magazine, or to venture upon a less ephemeral page, the lists of our publishers will show is by no means trivial. We are naturally brought into comparison in this with the only other nation that emulates us fully in it; and whether the American or the Englishman knows best how to travel, and tell about results of it, is a question each nation is jealous to maintain in its own behalf. It is a common experience of everybody abroad, or it at least is said so often as to be accepted without much question, that the American manifests a readiness to adapt himself to the sinuosities of foreign life that the Englishman cannot at all equal. It is often exclaimed that the latter carries his insular thoughts, habits, prestige, with him everywhere, and makes himself up generally so distastefully to those he sojourns among, that he is sure to draw out their bad humors, and goes home to describe the tapestry from having seen the wrong side of it.

So common an estimate must be in a large degree correct, and many an American is prone to think that his own associations with Englishmen on the Continent confirm it. Without denying to ourselves stronger national prejudices when at home, it can be safely affirmed, I think, that generally the American puts them off very easily abroad, while an Englishman's become more marked by the attrition of everything exotic. There are some prominent exceptions to this judgment, it must be allowed. Poor Oliver Goldsmith, wandering, flute in hand, and paying for his night's lodging in a peasant's hut with an air upon his instrument, proved him something of his own "Citizen of the World;" and Johnson's saying that Noll would likely as not have brought home a wheelbarrow as an improvement fit to be accepted in England, when it had for years used them, is at once expressive of his lacking knowledge and his denationalized impulses. We would more naturally look for such assimilations among a people that have sent forth their Ledyard, their Bayard Taylor, and their Elihu Burritt. The English censors are not unconscious of this national failing. Alison complains that their university and commercial education unfits them to become good travelers; that they may observe and collect, but fail in the philosophy of induction; that their classical education verges upon pedantry; that their skill for graphic sketching wants the imaginative life. If the Englishman is not a cockney at home, he is almost sure to become one abroad. We all remember how humorously Irving puts it in the opening chapter of the sketch-book. It was the swelling importance and magnificent air of the Englishmen he had seen in America that made him look with wonder upon their nation, when he learned that these specimens were comparatively poor ones of their countrymen after all. What, then, must the genuine Englishman be? To feast his eyes on such grandeur of humanity, he tells them, he came over the ocean. Few writers could have hoped to gain a vantage ground in their esteem after flinging down the page so cuttingly in his first word with them. And this sort of English traveler has not died out in our day, as witness the Grantley Berkleys they too often inflict upon us, not to speak of the Lindseys and others of that ilk. They are of that genuine type Longfellow describes, who make the grand tour with a double-barreled gun and two pair of pistols, and do Rome

without seeing St. Peter's, because they had known St. Paul's! It is this carrying their little island about them that has so long distinguished them. Old Thomas Fuller complained of it in them long ago. However far they go, he says, they never get out of England. Bacon counsels against it. Byron in our day summed it up very pointedly, without recognizing the satire, doubtless, when he asked,

"And what's travel,  
Unless it teaches one to quote and cavil?"

This propensity to cavil is extremely marked among them. Their five senses seem constantly a mere ambulence of jaundiced patients. Sterne saw it in Smollett, and Smelfungus is gibbeted for the world's regards, as the man who could travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry all in barren. I'll tell it to the world, cried Smelfungus. You had better tell it to your physician, is the wise retort. It was clearly a case of jaundice.

It is natural there should be reactionary effects among them also, and a thoroughly foreignized Englishman is a creature of as laughable incongruities as one need see. It is evident they do not take to the process naturally, for the assimilation is a marvelous compound. Bishop Wall satirized the animal long ago. Shakespeare has his hit likewise, through the wit of Beatrice among the rest.

We might almost count upon our fingers the genuine English travelers who have kept in *medio re*; whose philosophy has proved something better than conclusions from hasty observations; whose stand-point of manners and morals has not been assumed from the bearings of an English country house and the thirty-nine articles. I have been among colonies of English in various parts of the Continent. They have had their church, their *bisnaks*, their stout, and if you asked them why they did not stay at home and enjoy them, they will answer that their three per cents. would not suffice to support them there. If then, you say to them, you seek a foreign land to live in, you must find it agreeable, and see from your inner view of their life much that is commendable. Not at all; they are a pack of slaves, is the reply; and at the same time they do not understand they themselves are the worst of slaves to their three per cents. Nothing *un-English*, to use their patronizing term, can of course be commended. It is from this very class of people that most of the books of travel or residence abroad are thrown-upon the English market. Witness the truth of this insularity in Mayhew's recent book upon Germany. Almost the only safeguard against this narrowness is a strict line of detailing minutely what they see, showing what influences their opinion, as Goldsmith advises in his Chinese letters, without giving that opinion a generalization. They have some such travelers. I would name Sir Francis Head, but there is a great talent required for it. It is one of the hardest things in the world to record nothing more than one sees; not to allow the facts, in passing through the mind, to receive color, even unconsciously, from prepossessions or prejudices. The utmost determination to do so, often fails. There is nothing more true in Ruskin than when he says that the traveler over-crowds the mind, makes therein a foul atmosphere, and sees everything through the mirage of occasions. They do not understand the necessity, as he calls it, of clearing the mental atmosphere in some quiet nook with the commonest scenes around one, before passing from one great object to another. The imagination for instance, being constantly on the stretch on a hurried excursion upon the Rhine, is utterly disabled, when it comes to attend to Mont Blanc, to do it justice or comprehend it. The same argument may be transferred to books of travel. They almost always surfeit us with the richest food for the imagination, until we become mentally dyspeptic, and throw away the book as an enemy to the poetic sense. It is this that makes a descriptive episode so enjoyable in a history, a poem, or a novel. It finds the imagination fresh, as is seldom the case in passing from chapter to chapter in a book of travels. It is the trick of relief that is almost necessary to make a traveler's account satisfactory for continuous reading; and modern facilities of travel are not likely to assist the recorder in making his book of this kind. His condition *in transitu* from one great show spot to another is, as Ruskin describes it, a mere parcel. He enters the express train, as the package over the atmospheric tube, and comes to light at the other end, with nothing but a blank interim from the last great sight. This lightning facility is doubtless having a great tendency to deteriorate our journey-mongers, and it needs rare qualities to counteract it. This tendency is manifested in these sheets beside me. The author plainly thinks a diary too vulgar a thing; he must work what he has to say into the form of essays, and, having made his reflections on Florence, must get into the tube and be shot out at Rome. This way of writing travels is not a bad one, when one place can act as a foil to set off the other; when for instance, as Calvert does, we get into his tube on the Rhine, amid its Gothicism, and come out at Marienberg with its modern water-cure. This trick, if you call it so, is a necessary one in describing places, as in hanging pictures in a gallery. They must be set before us, so that one enhances the qualities of the other, that is, if we are to be wedded to the tubular method of visiting them; and with railroads at our disposal, and Europe to be seen in a given time, the tubular is sure to win with most people. But there was a rare enjoyment in the old-fashioned post-chaise, an exhilaration in the morning start before the vapors had lifted about the hills, a fancied majesty in the way one entered a town with the postillion's whip on the crack, the horses' ears pricked up, and the dust rolling behind. There are parts of Europe where this can be enjoyed now, and the modern tourist, if he will believe it, can get a taste of it that will relish finely in his recollections if he will only sacrifice the time for it, and shorten his list of the ordinary show places by a great city or two. It would be well for every traveler to determine to see some out-of-the-way region of Europe well, even if he has to omit some branches of the great highways of tourists; and then, if he has an itch for travel-mongery, let him dedicate his pen and his thoughts to that episode. It will have a charm and freshness that will claim attention when the "grand tour" limned in the contents-page is surely discarded by the many. I am not inclined to be severe on these hackneyed routes. The common tourist, who does not intend to perpetrate a book, may find it more advantageous for his future to have been over them; and even if he writes a book, I am not one who would hesitate to look it over, if not to read it. I like to see the common scenes in the camera of different minds, but I am much too often disappointed in finding the new camera nothing new after all, we are such creatures of imitation and joint-possession. I am inclined to think it is not so much the lack of originality as it is the failure to assert it. More than half of us do not know what is in us, or what we are. In schooling ourselves, we become mere schoolmen, and representatives of a class instead of our own individuality.

Emerson inveighs against traveling constantly, and only because he thinks or finds it does not do him any good. The last statement may be fair, but he only shows the folly of generalizing from his own case when he argues in the flimsy fashion that the soul is no traveler, *ergo*, the wise man stays at home with his soul. All this sounds very Orphic, and that is all. I cannot think him any the more ponderous because he says that only light characters (for the most part) travel. I half suspect the bracketed exception is a sop for his own vanity, for he made journeys once himself. Goethe acknowledges, and his works show, the widening of his being from his traveling, and Mr. Emerson could hardly dare call Goethe a



light weight in literature. Ariosto preferred going round the world in maps, and Mr. Emerson only looks at this phase of it in making his oracular utterances, while the Goethes are thrown out as insignificant. Johnson had the same contempt for traveling, but he manifested it frankly and dogmatically, and did not seek the shadow of sophistry; and we can meet him just as dogmatically on the other side, and there the matter ends. It is hardly worth while to foil sophistry with its like, and so that matter better end also.

But all this talk will not characterize our new claimant for the travelship. The author is a young lawyer, and a clear thinker evidently. He dies blinded over Switzerland and Italy—for beyond this the sheets, so far as ready, do not permit me to judge—and lights now and then to open his eyes and look about. It is the tubular plan, and an assault upon the imagination that is likely to weary it, unless relieved by some felicities of treatment or style. He is most likely to do this by a touch of humor, which seems with him to flow unbidden and easily at times. His rapt, appreciative style borders too strongly upon the high-flying sentimental to be wholly palatable. If he could bring himself to avoid this, much more would go well with him than now. The work, as it is, is likely to be readable, without being strongly marked with individual idiosyncrasies.

Ticknor & Fields issue this week two reprints from English editions, the "Industrial Biography" of Smiles, and the Country Parson's new volume of "Counsel and Comfort." I shall have more to say of them another time, as well as of another installment of Jean Paul's works, "Campaner Thal" and "Quintus Firlein," which they issue next week. They have also about ready a new book by Dr. Furness, in refutation somewhat of Renan's position in the life of Christ. I may also mention "An Historical Memoir of Joan of Arc," from the Catholic standpoint, with the imprint of Patrick Donahoe, of the *Pilot* newspaper, which needs more of an examination than I can give it this week. W.

## FOREIGN.

Mr. EDWARD B. EASTWICK'S "Journal of a Diplomat's Three Years' Residence in Persia," contains a good deal of information concerning that country, which is not so well known as one would think, considering the number of Englishmen who have traveled or lived there, and the books which they have written. A broad-riot, always a dangerous thing in the East, is thus described by Mr. Eastwick:

"The Sháh, on coming in from hunting, was surrounded by a mob of several thousand women yelling for bread, who gutted the baker's shops of their contents, under the very eyes of the king, and were so violent, that as soon as the Sháh had entered the palace, he ordered the gates of the citadel to be shut. Next day, the 1st of March, the disturbances were renewed, and, in spite of the gates being closed, thousands of women made their way into the citadel, and began to assail the guards with large stones, being urged on by their male relatives, who, under cover of this attack, were looking out for an opportunity to effect a more serious rise. Meantime, the Sháh had ascended the tower, from which Hajji Baba's Zainab was thrown, and was watching the rioters with a telescope. The Kalantar, who had been seen just before entering the palace, splendidly dressed, with a long retinue of servants, went up the tower and stood by the Sháh, who reproached him for suffering such a tumult to have arisen. On this the Kalantar declared he would soon put down the riot, and going amongst the women with his servants, he himself struck several of them furiously with a large stick. One of the women thus assailed ran as far as the English Mission, and came in calling out for help, and showing her clothes covered with blood. On the women vociferously calling for justice, and showing their wounds, the Sháh summoned the Kalantar, and said, 'If thou art thus cruel to my subjects before my eyes, what must be thy secret misdeeds!' Then turning to his attendants, the king said—'Bastinado him, and cut off his beard.' And again, while this sentence was being executed, the Sháh uttered that terrible word, *Tanab!* 'Strangle him.' In a moment the executioners had placed the cord round the unhappy man's neck, and in an instant more their feet were on his chest, trampling out the last signs of life. At the same time the Kadkhudas, or magistrates of all the quarters of Tehran were subjected to the bastinado, and at sight of these punishments, the frenzy of the populace was for that day appeased, and Tehran was saved by a hair's breadth from a revolution."

A Russian lady, whom Mr. Eastwick met at the court of the Sháh, took him to see the jewels of the latter, the chief of which is the famous Daryá-i-Noor, or Sea of Light, the sister diamond of the English Koh-i-Noor, or Mountain of Light. The Persian diamond, which is rather large than brilliant, is an inch and a half long, an inch broad, and three-eighths of an inch thick. Of another jewel, which has a historical interest, we have the following anecdote:

"Among the rings is one in which is set the famous Pitt diamond, sent by George IV. to Fath Ali Sháh. Sir H. Sutherland used to tell how he was present when a Persian nobleman arrived from Tehran to stop Sir H. Jones from going to the capital, French influence being then paramount. After Sir Harford had exhausted every argument to show that he ought to be received, without making any impression on the Persian Khán, he said, 'Well! if it must be so, I shall return, and abandon all hope of making my countenance white in the presence of the Sháh. I go, and this must return with me!' So saying, he took from his waistcoat-pocket the beautiful diamond ring which had been sent for the Sháh. But the sparkle of the gem produced a magical effect; the Khán no sooner beheld it than he lost his balance and fell back from his seat quite out of breath; then recovering himself, he shouted, 'Stop, stop! Elchi! may your *lutfi*, your condescending kindness, go on increasing! This alters the matter. I will send off an express to the heaven-resembling threshold of the Asylum of the World. I swear by your head you will be received with all honor. Mashallah! it is not every one that has diamonds like the Ingilis!' He was as good as his word; the express courier was dispatched, and Sir Harford entered the city of Tehran by one gate, while General Gardanne was packed off by the other."

Dr. Thomas L. Nichols's recent work, "Forty Years of American Life," is not very well received by the English reviewers, even those who are the least friendly to the North speaking sharply of its shortcomings and misstatements. The *Athenaeum* allows his volumes but little merit. "Here and there they contain a lively scrap of personal gossip, a pleasant glimpse of rural life in New England forty years since, and anecdotes pervaded by that Trans-Atlantic quality which, while it scarcely deserves to be stigmatized as vulgarity or commended for humor, is sprightly enough to be entertaining and rather too broad to be altogether pleasant. But these more enlivening passages do not counteract the depressing and narcotic influence of the dull, straggling, ill-arranged chapters in which they are buried. The work would have been better if editorial correction, by striking out old stories, compressing wordy sentences, and rejecting all paragraphs written for the mere sake of making a big book, had reduced it to less than one-third of its present size. Such treatment would have made the

reminiscences readable, although it would still have left the author liable to the charge of having written a work about America without giving his readers a single new fact of any real importance, and without employing one unacknowledged argument."

The staple of Dr. Nichols's work may be inferred from the following passage, descriptive of his English residence and anti-American feelings: "A grimy London street, but liberty—a humble lodging, hard fare, and a dim outlook for the future, but no blood on my soul. A hundred thousand corpses of Northern Volunteers—did I not see them, poor starving wretches, with no work for themselves, and no food for their families, marched off by thousands to be slaughtered or die of Southern fevers? I am not responsible for their death. 'Thou canst not say I did it!'"

The minor singers of England, while they largely outnumber the same class in America, are decidedly inferior to the latter in talent. Ten volumes of verse are published in London for one in New York or Boston; and while neither may contain a single piece that can be considered a poem, the chances are that the American volume is the best of the lot. One of the latest volumes that we have seen reviewed in England is a collection of fugitive pieces, by Miss Isabella Law, entitled "Winter Weavings." Of Miss Law we know nothing, except that she was somehow a protégée of the late Miss Adelaide Anne Proctor, whose honored father, dear old Barry Cornwall, contributes a poem to the volume.

Here is a specimen, and rather a favorable one, of Miss Law's talent:

## SHADOWS.

"When the children are hushed in the nursery,  
And the swallow sleeps in the eaves,  
And the night wind is murmuring secrets  
Apart to the listening leaves;  
Then I open the inner chamber  
That was closed from the dust of day,  
And gently undraw the curtain  
Where my holiest treasures lay.

"Sweet spirits that may not slumber;  
Cool shadows from lights now gone;  
And the echo of voices sounding,  
All sounding for me alone,  
And, blending among the others,  
One echo is softer yet;  
One shadow is cooler, deeper;  
And my dimming eyes grow wet.

"For the image I gaze on longest  
Is the image that blessed my youth;  
The angel that lit my journey  
With her lamp of love and truth.  
We traveled life's way together  
A little while side by side;  
And, when I grew faint or weary,  
That light was my strength and guide.

"And dearer it grew—how dearer!  
Till I watched it wane and fade;  
And my angel said as we parted,  
Be patient, be not afraid,  
And when I am sick and weary  
With the heat and the dust of the day,  
How the sense of her words comes o'er me  
Her words ere she went away.

"And I ask for a patient wisdom,  
As I journey the way alone;  
Till I tread on the golden threshold  
Of the heaven where she is gone.  
When the children are hushed in the nursery,  
And the swallow sleeps in the eaves,  
And the night wind is murmuring secrets  
Apart to the listening leaves."

The weekly from which we take this contains a bit of verse that shows clearly the influence which Poe has over young minds of a certain cast—impressible poetic temperaments alive to the niceties of melody, and not very particular as to the amount of sense which accompanies it. The verse in question is by Mr. Henry Kendall, an young Australian poet:

## ASTARTE.

"Across the dripping ridge—  
O look, luxurious Night!  
She comes, the bright-haired Beauty,  
My luminous delight!  
My luminous delight!  
So hush, ye shores, your roar;  
That my soul may sleep, forgetting  
Dead Love's wild Nevermore!

"Astarte! Syrian Sister!  
Your face is wet with tears;  
I think you know the Secret  
One heart hath held for years!  
One heart hath held for years!  
But hide your hapless lore,  
And, my sweet—my Syrian Sister,  
Dead Love's wild Nevermore!

"Ah, Helen Hope in Heaven,  
My queen of Long Ago,  
I've swooned with adoration;  
But could not tell you so!  
Or dared not tell you so!  
My radiant queen of yore!  
And you've passed away, and left me  
Dead Love's wild Nevermore!

"Astarte knoweth, darling,  
Of eyes that once did weep,  
What time out-wearied Passion  
Hath kissed your lips in sleep;  
Hath kissed your lips in sleep!  
But now these tears are o'er:  
Gone, my Saint, with many a moan, to  
Dead Love's wild Nevermore!

"If I am past all crying,  
What thoughts are maddening me,  
Of you, my darling, dying  
Upon the lone wide sea?  
Upon the lone wide sea!  
Ah! hush, ye shores, your roar;  
That my soul may sleep, forgetting  
Dead Love's wild Nevermore!"

While on the subject of recent English verse, we may as well chronicle an attempt to turn "The Song of Songs" into a sacred drama, in accordance with the views of M. Renan, who thinks the poem was originally divided, and the parts apportioned to suitable speakers. The daring genius in this case is a Mr. Joseph Hamerton, of whose powers the following extract will probably be deemed a sufficient specimen:

## ACT V.—Scene I.

## In the Harem.

SOLOMON: New and fair is Tirzah's wall.  
Jerusalem hath belov'd her grand:  
Thou my love surpasseth all  
That shines amid my wide command.  
Tirzah's wall is not more fair,  
Jerusalem's proud bulwarks rise  
Not admired for grandeur rare  
More than, to charm my people's eyes,  
Thy queenly grace and stature, which shall awe  
Admiring realms to make thy look their law.

The Sulamite looks at the King scornfully. He, in surprise, exclaims:  
"Her look!" What means that fiery flash?

## Then (aside meditatively):

As if my ears had heard the clash  
Of banner'd hosts for fight array'd,  
Thus, by her look, am I dismay'd?

## Solomon addresses the Sulamite passionately:

That scornful glance may inmost feelings shock!  
Oh! turn, for mercy's sake, oh! turn away that look!

Solomon then tries what may be the effect of resuming his old song from the third act:

On the sides of Mount Gilead the goats hang in flocks,  
So from thy head are suspended thy locks.  
At the festival joys, the pride of the year,  
The twin lambs with their newly-born mothers appear,  
None wanting among them:—above and beneath,  
Thus white and thus evenly set are thy teeth.  
As the halves of a pomegranate, under thy veil,  
Are thy cheeks.—

The King is interrupted in his stale song of compliment by the SHEPHERD, who speaks as from without:

Threescore queens the monarch hail  
Their master, concubines fourscore,  
And maidens numberless in store, etc., etc.

The Bishop of Natal has had a subscription opened in his behalf by the friends of free discussion in England, in view of the recent action against him by the Bishop of Capetown. A thousand pounds were raised in a few days, barristers, Fellows of the Royal Society, clergymen, and others contributing handsomely, not because they accept the Scriptural belief or unbelief of Bishop Colenso, but because they are in favor of free inquiry.

Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, has in the press three small papers, companions to "Rab and his Friends." They are entitled "Minchmoor," "The Enterkin," and "Jeams, the Doorkeeper." We presume they will be republished by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields.

Mr. Charles Dickens's new serial, the first number of which will be published on the 1st of May, will be a departure from his previous works in the matter of its illustrations, which are to consist of wood-engravings, by a new hand, Mr. Marcus Stone, instead of the usual steel-engravings by Mr. Hablot K. Browne.

A new Protestant version of the Scriptures is in course of publication in Paris, in numbers.

A ghastly bibliographical curiosity is attracting considerable attention in Paris. It is a copy of "La Constitution de la République, imprimée à Dijon l'An II," which is bound in leather resembling brown calf, but is in reality the skin of a human being, prepared and tanned. The volume was in the library of the late M. Villenave, a well-known collector, whose house in the Rue de Valenciennes, crammed with books, has been so well described by M. Alexandre Dumas. A note in the handwriting of a former possessor states the fact of the kind of leather in which the book is bound; and this is placed beyond all doubt by a well-attested anecdote on the fly-leaf of the volume, accompanied by the original *affiche*: "Le journaliste Galetti avait été accusé par la comité de salut publique d'avoir imaginé, dans un but de dénigrement, l'existence de tanneries de peaux humaines. Un abonné du journal de Galetti lui procura pour sa justification ce volume; et c'est alors qu'il répondit par cette bien singulière affiche."

Two dramas, or rather operas, belonging to the time of the Thirty Years' War, have been re-edited, viz., Johann Risten's "Das Friedewünschende Teutschland und das Friedejauchzende Teutschland: Zwei Schauspiele (Singspiele)," with an introduction and musical appendix by H. M. Schletterer. There is not only a literary, but also a historical interest, attached to them.

The commission for the publication of the "Correspondence of Napoleon I.," founded in 1854, has been dissolved by an imperial decree, after having brought out fifteen volumes, embracing the period to the Peace of Tilsit. A new commission has been formed, under the presidency of Prince Napoleon, consisting of the following members:—Walewski, Amédée Thierry, Comte de Laborde, Sainte-Beuve, and Colonel Favé. Every six months a report is to be sent in to the emperor on the progress of the work.

Mr. Grote, the historian, has been elected Foreign Associate of the French Academy, in place of the late Lord Macaulay.

The Manuscript Department of the British Museum has lately been enriched with a collection of one hundred and fifty letters that formed part of the correspondence between Pope and Warburton. They were for a long time in the possession of a member of the family of the latter, and are said to be of an interesting character. As they have hitherto remained unpublished, we presume they will now be given to the world.

The paragraphists of the English papers tell us that we may soon expect a new volume from Mr. Alfred Tennyson, and that Mr. Robert Browning has one already in the press. As they fail, however, to give us the names of these productions, we have but little faith in their gossip.

The tale of "Cousin Phillis," in the *Cornhill Magazine*, is said to be from the pen of Miss Anna Thackeray, the author of "The Story of Elizabeth."

The fourteenth volume of the "Correspondence of the Emperor Napoleon I., published by order of Napoleon III.," has just appeared in Paris. The fifteenth volume, which is in the press, will shortly follow.

M. Renan's "Vie de Jésus" has already reached its eleventh edition.

M. Léon Bertrand has written a new work, to which M. Alexandre Dumas furnishes a preface. Its title is "Tonton, Tontaine, Tonton."

Miss Julia Kavanagh's last novel, "Queen Mab," and Signor Ruffini's "Vincenzo," have been translated into German.

A German poet and littérateur of considerable merit has just died in the person of Dr. Heinrich Marggraf, of Leipzig, who has been for the last ten years intrusted with the editorial management of the greater part of the literary undertakings of the well-known publisher Brockhaus.

Germany is bestirring itself again in novelistic literature. We are to have a new story by Schickler, the theme to be the Cologne Carnival-days. Hermann Schmid is preparing "Dorfgeschichten" from Suabia. Paul Heyse is busy with a new tale of the south, "Der Weinbühner von Meran." Heinrich König is finishing, besides his "Von Saalfeld bis Aspern," his third edition of "William Shakespeare," a richly-colored picture of Shakespeare's times. Friedrich Bodenstedt is writing "Deutsche Wandlungen;" Max Ring, "Sand und seine Freunde;" and Edmund Hofer, a northern tale called "Herr Zeltermann Rycke."

Mrs. Henry Wood has just published a new novel entitled "Trevelyn Hold," and commenced the publication in *Once a Week* of a new tale, "Lord Oakburn's Daughters."

The author of "Abel Drake's Wife," Mr. John Saunders, has a new novel in the press.

Mr. J. Henao Jesse will shortly publish, in three volumes, "The Life of George the Third." His materials are drawn from published and unpublished letters and documents.

Captain R. F. Burton, the well-known traveler, will soon appear with a new and probably unique work—a collection of African Proverbs, translated by himself.

We take from an English paper the following unpublished letter, written many years ago by Charles Lamb to a bookseller, on receipt of two books of verse—one being the "Maid of Elvay," by Allan Cunningham; the other Barry Cornwall's "Songs and Dramatic Fragments." "Thank you for the books. I am ashamed to take thy thus of your press. I am worse to a publisher than the two Universities and the Brit. Mus.—A. C. I will forth-



with read. B. C. (I can't get out of the A. B. C.) I have more than read. Taken altogether 'tis too Lovey—but what delicacies! I like most 'King Death'—Glorious 'bove all 'The Lady with the Hundred Rings'—'The Owl'—Epistle to what's his name'—(Here may be I'm partial)—'Sit down, sad soul'—'The Pauper's Jubilee'—(but that's old, and yet 'tis never old)—'The Falcon'—'Felon's Wife'—'Damn 'Madame. Pasty'—but that is borrowed—

'Apple pie is very good,  
And so is apple pasty,  
But—  
O Lord! 'tis very nasty.'

—but chiefly the Dramatic Fragments—scarce three of which should have escaped my Specimens, had an antique name been prefixed. They exceed his first—So much for the nonsense of poetry: now to the serious business of life. Up a court (Blandford Court) in Pall Mall (exactly at the back of Marlbro' House, with iron gate in front, and containing 2 houses, at No. 2, did lately live Leishman, my tailor. He is moved somewhere in the neighbourhood—devil knows where. Pray find him out and give him the opposite—I am so much better—tho' my hand shakes in writing it, that after next Sunday, I can well see F. and you. Can you throw B. C. in? Why tarry the wheels of my Hogarth?"

Mr. Anthony Trollope's last serial, "The Small House at Allington," is completed and issued in book form. It is somewhat shorter than the average run of his novels, making but two volumes, instead of three, of the standard size and thickness.

M. Felix Bungener will shortly publish "Three Days of a Father's Sorrow; a Book of Consolation."

Mr. Aubrey de Vere has a new volume in the press, "The Infant Bridal, and other Poems."

The fourth volume of Mr. Carlyle's "History of Frederick" continues the life of that monarch twelve years and a half, or from August, 1744, to March, 1757, which is getting on with the subject at a much faster rate than we could have expected, the third volume embracing only the first four years of Frederick's reign. As some little time may elapse before the reprint of the Messrs. Harper will be out, a sample of the new volume may not be uninteresting. Here now is a fine specimen of Carlylese, into which, by the way, we would not care to have any history in which we were interested, translated. The history of our present war, for instance, written as Mr. Carlyle would be sure to write it—from an ultra Southern point of view—would be rather provoking reading—for warm weather.

"DEATH OF A BULLY AND RUFFIAN.—No attempt was made on Bärenklau; nor, beyond the alarming of the Coigny-Seckendorf people, did anything occur in Cowhead Island—unless it were the finis of an ugly bully and ruffian, who has more than once afflicted us; which may be worth one word. Colonel Mentzel (copper-faced Colonel, originally Playactor, 'Spy in Persia,' and I know not what) had been at the seizure of Kulkopf; a prominent man. Whom, on the fifth day after (June 25th), Prince Karl overwhelmed with joy, by handing him a Patent of Generality: 'Just received from Court, my friend, on account of your merits old and late.'—'Aha,' said Bärenklau, congratulating warmly: 'Dine with me, then, Herr General Mentzel, this very day. The Prince himself is to be there, Highness of Hessen-Darmstadt, and who not; all are impatient to drink your health!' Mentzel had a glorious dinner; still more glorious drink—Prince Karl and the others, it is said, egging him into much wild bluster and gasconade, to season their much wine. Eminent swill of drinking, with the loud coarse talk supposable, on the part of Mentzel and consorts did go on, in this manner, all afternoon; in the evening, drunk Mentzel came out for air; went strutting and staggering about, emerging finally on the platform of some rampart, face of him huge and red as that of the foggiest rising moon; and stood, looking over into the Lorraine Country; belching out a storm of oaths, as to his taking it, as to his doing this and that; and was even flourishing his sword by way of accompaniment; when, lo! whistling slightly through the summer air, a rifle-ball from some sentry on the French side (writers say it was a French drummer, grown impatient, and snatching a sentry's piece) took the brain of him, or the belly of him; and he rushed down at once, a totally collapsed monster, and mere heap of dead ruin, never to trouble mankind more. For which my readers and I are rather thankful."

The author of "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour," of its kind one of the most entertaining books ever written, will shortly commence a new serial story, the name of which has not yet been made public.

A cheap reprint of Mr. George Ticknor's "Life of Prescott" is announced by Routledge & Warne.

Lady Charlotte Bury has just published a new novel entitled "The Two Baronets."

Lord Macaulay's "History of England" has been translated into Hungarian, and published at Prague.

Mr. George Tarbutt (Phœbus, what a name!) has discovered an early copy of John Bunyan's "Christian Behavior," which somewhat deranges the received bibliography of the writings of the Inspired Tinker. A copy of this volume, without date, but assigned by Mr. George Oiler, who is learned in the matter, to the year 1674, has hitherto been considered the first edition, a mistake which Mr. Tarbutt's volume rectifies, bearing date, as it does, "from my place of confinement in Bedford, this 17th of the 4th month, 1663."

The Academy of Sciences, of Hungary, received some time ago permission from the Sultan to send some of its members to Constantinople to ascertain what manuscripts were in the private library of the Sultan, which had formerly belonged to Matthias Corvinus, and amongst which some had hoped to have found the lost books of Livy. The Société pour l'Histoire des Slaves du Sud also obtained a like permission through the Austrian Consul; and the Baron von Prokesch-Osten has just furnished a full report to that Society of the MSS. which formerly belonged to that celebrated library, now to be found in that of the Sultan. There are but twenty-three volumes which bear the arms of Hungary, which consist chiefly of works of the Fathers, and these are all that can be traced of the most celebrated collection in Europe of its day.

A manuscript containing a life of Silvio Pellico, written by himself, has been discovered amongst the papers of the late Marchioness of Barolo. It is well known that after leaving Spielberg he became librarian to the Marchioness, who died the other day. The memoir is shortly to be published.

There has just appeared at Stuttgart, "Die Moral des Christenthums," by Dr. Christian Palmer, which is spoken of as one of the best hand-books of Christian ethics for the use of divinity students.

There has recently been printed at Orleans, not for sale, a small number of copies of "Mémoire sur la Vie et les Ecrits de James Beattie, philosophe Ecossais: lu à l'Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques, par M. C. Mallet, ancien Recteur."

M. H. Taine has printed "L'Idealisme Anglais: Etude sur Carlyle" as a volume of the "Bibliothèque de Philosophie Contemporaine."

M. W. H. Waddington, membre de la Société des Antiquaires de France, has just edited "L'Edit de Diodétien, établissant le Maximum dans l'Empire Romain."

Strauss's lecture, "Lessing's Nathan der Weise," is praised as being the best of the minor productions of the author of "Das Leben Jesu."

## SCIENCE.

A DECREE has just been published by Louis Napoleon, naming a scientific commission for the exploration of Mexico. M. Dumy, Minister of Public Instruction, in a report accompanying the decree, states that a commission of the same kind was named under the first empire to explore Egypt after its conquest by Bonaparte, and rendered important services to commerce, science, and literature. He thinks a commission for conquered and benighted Mexico will probably be followed by the same result. M. Chevalier will probably act as chairman of this commission, which is expected to occupy several years in perfecting its labors.

—Among the numerous and useful plants in China there are several kinds of trees producing wax, either directly or by means of an insect that feeds upon them. One of these wax-producing species has been recently introduced into France by importing a number of young specimens of the *Pe-la-shoo* tree, which affords nourishment to the producing insect, the *La-chong*. It is only about the time of their being hatched that the eggs of this insect become visible, in the shape of pimples, which appear on the branches of the last year's growth. The pimples increase in size until they are as large as peas. They are then gathered and placed on the other branches of the tree. The insect soon makes its appearance and lives on the tree. When the tree has ceased to secrete its juice for the season, the wax is collected.

—The celebrated Professor Lourdat, of Montpellier, France, was obliged to recommence his medical studies from the beginning, after terminating them with distinction, a typhoid fever having destroyed the memory of five or six laborious years.

—At a date not given, while the sky was quite clear at Milan, the earth was covered with moisture, and the houses dripped as if drenched with rain. It is curious that no mist is reported as seen near the ground.

—It has been discovered that a current of air passing through the bore, while casting large iron tubes or cannon, carried by perforated tubes, to admit the air and let off the gas from the melted mass, greatly contributes to the solidity and perfection of the work.

—Electricity is asserted to be a sovereign remedy in cases of asthma.

—A surgeon in France is said to have removed the cancerous tongue of a patient with eight cauterizing arrows, causing the affected parts to slough off in one mass. The patient after the removal could neither swallow nor speak, but performed both those functions on being supplied with a gutta-percha tongue of the natural size.

—An Austrian commission has been appointed to test the relative advantages of gunpowder and gun-cotton. The results were summed up as follows: "The absence of smoke, the entire freedom from fouling the gun, are points of great moment in promoting the rapidity of firing in casemates, between decks of ships of war. The harmless character of the products of combustion, in comparison with those of gunpowder, the far inferior heat imparted to the gun, favor the gun-cotton. Its weight is only one-third that of powder, the recoil of the gun only two-thirds; and the length of the gun may be reduced nearly one-third. The mechanical structure of the cartridge; the size of the chamber in which it is fired; the definite character of the compound, allowing it to be stored in damp places, or even submerged, without injuring its original properties—all favor its use. Its liability to spontaneous combustion, which has been considered a great objection to its use, is owing to imperfect manufacture."

—At a recent meeting of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, there was a donation made to the institute of a very handsome figure of an individual standing on a trunk, and exerting all his strength in endeavoring to raise himself and the lid on which he is standing, by pulling at the handles attached to it; a forcible illustration of the folly of ever attempting to overcome one dead point, the obstacle which stands in the way of perfecting all perpetual-motion schemes.

—Artificial limbs are now made of vulcanized India-rubber. As they are hollow, all the machinery is contained within, and is not liable to be deranged or broken. They are much more readily made, and lighter than those made of wood or iron.

—A new method of engraving and multiplying prints has been invented by a Mr. Vial, by which in a few minutes any picture may be reproduced in so perfect a manner that the spirit and manner of the drawing are so perfectly maintained that it is difficult to distinguish it from the drawing itself.

—A horizontal water-wheel has been recently invented, by which parlor organs, washing-machines, mangles, sewing-machines, etc., may be worked in all houses where hydrants have been introduced.

—A mass of meteoric iron, in possession of Mr. Fisher, 45 William street, in this city, weighing 29 pounds, was found by Otho Curtis, a miner, at the foot of a tree he was felling, in Gilpin County, Colorado Territory, in August last. A nail was immediately forged from the mass. Application of muriatic acid produced on the polished surface the Widmannstättian figures, a test which establishes the fact that the metal is meteoric in its origin.

—Stereotype plates are now cast in paper moulds. They are recommended by R. Hoe & Co., and are employed on twelve of their printing-presses. Among these are the New York Herald, Times, Tribune, Philadelphia Enquirer, three papers in London, and one in Manchester, England. It requires only sixteen minutes to cast and finish one of this kind of stereotype plates.

—Vegetable ivory, in contact with sulphuric acid, produces a splendid red color, almost equal to magenta. The color at first is pink, then bright red, then deeper and more purple, after the acid has been allowed to act upon it about twelve hours. In this way vegetable ivory may be distinguished from bone or elephant's tusk, neither of which takes this beautiful color in contact with sulphuric acid. The colors disappear gradually in contact with water, as does the fine reddish-brown color produced with the essence of turpentine and sulphuric acid.

—In the grand exhibitions of electrical light from the State House in the city of Boston, Mass., it was estimated that the illuminating force of the carbon light could be rivaled only by that of several millions of candles shining unitedly along the same line.

—Recent experiments have proved that the center of the sun's disc not only radiates more light, but also nearly double the amount of heat, that it does at its borders, and that the equatorial regions are hotter than those at the poles.

—At the end of the year 1861 it was estimated that the quantity of coal raised in Great Britain amounted to the enormous total of 86 millions of tons, and that of the average annual increase of the eight preceding years to 2½ millions of tons. By

combining the known thickness of the various workable seams of coal, assuming 4,000 feet as the greatest depth, the entire available quantity of coal existing in these islands is calculated to amount to 80,000 millions of tons, which, at the present rate of consumption, would be exhausted in 930 years, or, at farthest, with the yearly increase of 2½ millions, would only last 212 years. The United States possess coal fields already developed 37 times more extensive than those in Great Britain, and will soon be able to displace the English coals from their own market.

—The railroads in France, from 1856 to 1862—six years—carried upwards of 1,186,000 passengers. Accidents of all kinds numbered 13,773, including 72 killed, so that the ratio of railroad accidents to accidents by diligence is as 1 to 13-15, making railroad traveling 14 times safer than traveling by stage.

—Traveling by rail has been discovered to be extremely conducive to health. All functionaries on railroads enjoy the highest average of health, and the special diseases to which engine-drivers are said to be subject are denied by all the chief physicians of the companies.

—Essence of turpentine is said to be a specific for nervous headaches, even when accompanied with vertigo. Though when applied to the skin it produces redness and irritation, it is perfectly harmless to the most delicate subjects taken internally.

—Stoves made of soapstone are used in Quebec. They are said to throw out a mellow and more uniform heat than iron. The material of which they are made is very abundant in the mineral region south of the St. Lawrence.

—At the recent annual meeting of the Academy of Sciences in France, a prize of five hundred francs (\$100) was awarded to M. Guizot, for a preparation of non-injurious green for printing on tissues, and another of fifteen hundred francs (\$300) to M. Bouffé for having discovered a substitute for an arsenical green in the manufacture of artificial flowers.

## LITERARY SOCIETIES.

## AMERICAN NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

At a special meeting of this society on the evening of the 11th inst. the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: president, Frank H. Norton, Astor Library; vice-president, George H. Perine; recording secretary, James Oliver; corresponding secretary, Francis A. Wood; treasurer, J. Hanna; librarian and curator, Edward Groh. The society acknowledged with thanks the receipt of a number of coins, Confederate notes, and other rare curiosities. This society has been reorganized, and will hold its regular meetings on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month in the ladies' reading-room of the Society Library. Its collection of coins comprises upward of a thousand, and its library possesses some one hundred and fifty rare volumes and pamphlets.

## LONG ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

A special meeting of this society was held last Thursday evening for the purpose of hearing a paper on "The Telegraph" read by Rev. Hubbard Winslow, D.D. The usual vote of thanks was tendered to Dr. Winslow at the close of his address. Dr. H. R. Stiles, the librarian, announced that on the following Thursday evening Rev. Dr. Wilson and several other chiefs of the Iroquois nation would be present at the rooms of the society.

## CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

This society's monthly meeting, W. L. Newberry, Esq., president, in the chair, was held March 15, when the collections for the past two months were reported to consist, in all, of 1,053, of which 135 were bound books. The principal papers read were contributed by the Hon. Henry S. Baird, an early resident of Green Bay, Wisconsin. The subjects treated were—"The early navigation and commerce of the Upper Lakes," "The Indian tribes, chiefs, and treaties of the Northwest," and "The fisheries of Green Bay." The names of the principal chiefs of both the "Menomonees" and "Winnebagoes" were given (with their signification) in the second paper; while, on the subject of the fisheries, interesting particulars were communicated of the kinds and amount of fish taken on Green Bay proper (the annual catch estimated at 30,000 to 35,000 barrels), with the modes of fishing formerly employed by the Indians and at the present day. The use of "pound nets," now common, was thought liable to serious objection, as causing an extensive destruction of such as are caught in the meshes of the nets, corrupting the surrounding water. The several papers read produced an interesting discussion, during which the national importance of securing full and exact information relating to the fisheries of the Great Lakes was urgently enforced, in the belief that the aggregate production of this industry, if ascertained, would far exceed any estimate now formed. The president of the society was requested to prepare a paper embodying his recollections of the early commerce, settlement, and improvements of the lake region. The death of Dr. Franklin Scammon, late treasurer and a resident life-member of the society, as also Professor of Botany in the University of Chicago, was announced by the secretary, with remarks, which were followed by an extended and impressive tribute to his memory by E. B. McCagg, Esq. Appropriate resolutions were submitted by the latter, and adopted by the society.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

BARNES & BURN.—American Politics: a Moral and Political Work, treating of the Causes of the Civil War, and the Nature of Government, and the Necessity for Reform. W. W. Handlin. Printed by J. T. Hinton, New Orleans.

MANUS, EN'S & HOGON.—The Washington Sketch-Book, by Viator.

JOHN BRADBURY.—Three Months in the Southern States—April-June, 1863. Lieut.-Col. Freemantle.

W. J. MIDDLETON.—"Christopher North: A Memoir of John Wilson. Compiled from Family Papers and other sources, by his Daughter, Mrs. Gordon. With an Introduction by R. Shelton Mackenzie, D.C.L."

FREDERICK A. BRADY.—Victoria: or, The Heiress of Castle Cliffe. Cousin May Carleton.

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## THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.

THE following extracts, which might be almost indefinitely extended, will give some idea of the opinions held throughout the country with regard to the *CONTINENTAL*. The record is indeed a flattering one, and truly calculated to stimulate its Editors to renewed exertion. Untiring energy, unflinching strength, are ever born from the true approval of an enlightened and generous people. It is pleasant to know that the *CONTINENTAL* is rapidly making its way to every loyal home in our broad land. Nor should the success of this young Magazine excite astonishment. Based upon truth and equity, such a result was certain. It has thrown itself boldly on the great principles of Eternal Justice, and thus finds its welcome in every true heart. From the vast importance of the political subjects discussed in its pages, their immediate bearing upon the councils of Congress and the enlightenment of thinkers and voters, the distinguished ability and undoubted loyalty of the well known Statesmen who are regular contributors to its pages—it assumes a rank as yet unclaimed by any other Periodical in the country. It is confined to no clique, no section, no local views or interests, but receives contributions from every part of the United States without favor or prejudice. It uses the strong and brilliant fibers of thought and imagination ever spinning for it in the glowing loom of the brain, as warp and woof of a living tissue to weave this sacred Union into a closer and ever closer whole. Its pages are open to North, South, East, and West, that man may tell his brother man his wants, views, and hopes, and thus awaken thought, and elicit feeling. It is Christian, but not sectarian; admitting discussion, because certain that all earnest inquiry leads back to God.

The Literary Department of the *CONTINENTAL* will not be slow to languish. Genius shall be welcomed, whether already registered in the innermost shrine of the Temple of Fame, or struggling upward to reach its outward walls. The most varied list of subjects treated from various stand-points will be offered; the mirror of being held up to the complex human soul. Its base is broad and catholic, may the structure be wide and beneficent.

### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The *Continental* has rendered itself particularly acceptable to loyal people by its bold, patriotic, and effective articles on the rebellion. To say nothing here of its mere literary merit, which, however, is of a high order of excellence, its elevated tone of fidelity to the Government and to the principles upon which it is founded, recommends the *Continental* to the support of every true American.—*Rochester Evening Express*.

That decidedly popular and substantial National Magazine, the *Continental Monthly*, is again at hand. The present number is filled with the choicest matter, political, literary, and miscellaneous. In all things the *Continental* takes the broad, liberal, and progressive side. Its literary selections are of the finest and most finished character. It is a Monthly much to be desired.—*Waverley Advocate*, N. Y.

The *Continental Monthly* for September is received. This sterling Magazine is in every respect worthy of the great and increasing confidence of the people. Its high position is owing to the efforts of the writers to make it a channel for the dissemination of great political truths, marked by candor and sustained by historical facts.—*The Free Republican*, Miami Co., Ind.

The *Continental* has a certain individuality by reason of the prominence given to national and political questions. In this number we have *The Freedom*, by E. B. Freeman; *Jefferson Davis—Reputation, Recognition, and Slavery*, a paper which is intended to exhibit the arch traitor in his true colors in England, and also an able article on American Finances and Resources, by Hon. Robert J. Walker; *Currency and the National Finances*, by J. Smith Homan; another powerful article by Hon. E. P. Stanton on the Restoration of the Union. The Magazine thrives under its new management.—*Hartford Evening Press*, Conn.

This is one of the ablest literary and political magazines published. The questions of the day are discussed with ability and by some of the most talented writers of the day.—*Jameson Journal*, N. Y.

We are in receipt of the *Continental Monthly* for July, and have only to repeat what "everybody" says, that it is one of the best magazines published. In fact no magazine within our knowledge has gained such notoriety during its time of publication as the *Continental Monthly*.—*The Phoenix Reporter*, Oswego Co., N. Y.

The *Continental Monthly* for August contains some very important articles, among which we notice *Jefferson Davis and Reputation*. This article was written by Hon. Robert J. Walker, who is now in England. There is no man in the world better qualified to show the traitorous acts of the sham-President, Davis, than Mr. Walker, who is from the same State, and a friend to the Union and to justice. This magazine is now published by John F. Trow, New York. It is doing a great work for freedom in America and throughout the world.—*Westfield News Letter*, Mass.

The *Continental Monthly* for October is on hand. This popular magazine needs no high encomiums, as a perusal of it will show its worth. All lovers of sound literature should read it.—*Seneca County Sentinel*, Farmer, N. Y.

A first class, highly intellectual magazine.—*Daily Wisconsin*, Milwaukee.

No publication of the kind has more successfully combined the freedom of the daily newspapers and the literary excellence of the magazine, and hence its great popularity and unprecedented success.—*Peninsular Courier*, Ann Arbor, Mich.

This invaluable magazine has achieved since its establishment, a reputation and position in this country that is unparalleled in rapidity. The ability of its contributors, embracing the first minds of the country, is the secret of its wonderful and rapid success. The political articles each number are worth to any thinking man three years' subscription. It is the "magazine for the times," combining the energy and freedom of the daily journal with the higher literary tone and finish of the monthly.—*Dela-ware Courier*, Deposit.

The *Continental* contains, besides its usual miscellany, able articles on national topics by Hon. R. J. Walker and F. P. Stanton. Probably no magazine in the country has more valuable matter on subjects of national importance than the *Continental*.—*Western New Yorker*, Warsaw.

This work increases in popular favor, and has had some of the ablest papers on national subjects that we have met with for a long time.—*Zion's Advocate*, Portland, Me.

The *Continental Monthly* for October contains two articles by Hon. Robert J. Walker, which are calculated to attract much notice from the public. The first is "Jefferson Davis—Reputation, Recognition, and Slavery." The other of Mr. Walker's articles is "American Finances and Resources," being the first of a series of articles which he proposes to publish on this subject, more especially in reference to its bearings on Mr. Chase's financial policy. The other articles are varied in character and entertaining.—*The Methodist*, New York.

The king of magazines has once more arrived.—*Sparta Herald*, Monroe Co., Wis.

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## HURD & HOUGHTON, PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS,

No. 401 BROADWAY,  
NEW YORK.

MELANCTHON M. HURD this day retires from the firm of SHELDON & CO. by mutual agreement.  
New York, February 17, 1864. SHELDON & CO.

The undersigned have formed a copartnership for the purpose of manufacturing, publishing, and selling books. The printing office and bindery will be located at heretofore at "Riverside," Cambridge, Mass., the style of the firm being H. O. HOUGHTON & CO. The Publishing office and Bookstore will be located at No. 401 Broadway, corner of Walker street, New York, under the style of HURD & HOUGHTON.

HENRY O. HOUGHTON  
MELANCTHON M. HURD.  
New York, March 1, 1864.

MR. HOUGHTON as heretofore will have the exclusive management of the stereotyping and printing department at "Riverside," Cambridge, Mass. Thankful for the many favors received from publishers, authors, and private individuals for the past fifteen years, he will be happy to serve them in the future as in the past, to the best of his ability.

The publishing and bookselling department at New York will be under the charge of MR. HURD, who has been an active member of the firm of Sheldon & Co., for the past eight years. He takes this opportunity to thank the "Trade" for their many favors, and to solicit a continuance of the same for the new firm.

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Publish the following "RIVERSIDE BOOKS."

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